

COUNTRY LIFE

Vol. XI.—No. 262. [REGISTERED AT THE
G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 11th, 1902

[PRICE SIXPENCE.
BY POST, 6½D.]



WHITLOCK.

THE HON. LADY KNOLLYS.

Wolverhampton.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our Portrait Illustrations: The Hon. Lady Knollys; The Countess of Kingston's Little Son	33-34 58
The Spirit of the Game	34
Country Notes	35
Ski Running in Norway. (Illustrated)	37
Over Field and Furrow	38
Wild Country Life	39
Some Gardens in Central Italy. (Illustrated)	40
In the Garden	43
The Story of Ancient Bridges. (Illustrated)	44
Gardens Old and New: Spain's Hall. (Illustrated)	48
Hurling: A Popular Cornish Survival	53
Things About Our Neighbourhood	54
Mr. A. Yates's Zebras. (Illustrated)	55
The Scavengers at Dhappa. (Illustrated)	56
Books of the Day	58
Motors on a Farm. (Illustrated)	60
On the Green	61
The Retirement of Mr. T. C. Carh. (Illustrated)	62
The Winter Exhibition at Burlington House	62
Correspondence	63

EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs, or sketches submitted to him, but they should be accompanied with stamped addressed envelopes for return if unsuitable. In case of loss or injury he cannot hold himself responsible for MSS., photographs, or sketches, and publication in COUNTRY LIFE can alone be taken as evidence of acceptance. The name and address of the owner should be placed on the back of all pictures and MSS.

Those who send photographs are requested to state the price required for reproduction, otherwise when payment is requested it will be made at the usual rates of the journal. Only the actual photographer or owner of the copyright can be treated with.

The charge for small Advertisements of Property for Sale or to Let, Situations Wanted, etc., is 5s. for 40 words and under, and 1s. for each additional 10 words or less. All orders must be accompanied by a remittance, and all matters relating to Advertisements should be addressed to the Manager, 20, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

THE SPIRIT OF . . . THE GAME

IT is to be admitted that the players of "ping-pong" are more in number than the players of cricket; nevertheless, cricket rather than ping-pong still is to be regarded as the national game. Ping-pong, to be sure, is of relatively modern invention. Golf, on the other hand, is a game that can trace an authentic descent from days that antedate the earliest records of cricket as the game is understood in the twentieth century. Cricket, nevertheless, and not golf, is the national game of England.

These instances are cited by way of showing that the claim of the game of cricket to the character and epithet of "national" on an Englishman's lips is not based on the length of time that it has existed nor on the numbers that play it, and the consideration of the whole subject is prompted by some recent legislation or pronouncements on the part of the recognised cricket authorities which breathe what we conceive to be the very best spirit of a game. One piece there is of distinct and definite legislation—the bowling crease is to be extended a foot either way. This will give the bowler more space, perhaps it may help to ensure the batsman against finding the umpire behind the bowler's arm; in any case, while the law of leg-before-wicket requires that the ball shall pitch between wickets in order to get the batsman out under that rule, it does not seem a very important alteration. It is a matter of convenience rather than anything else. That piece of legislation is followed by two pronouncements—the one stating that it is "undesirable" that the wicket shall be prepared by any artificial means, except by watering, rolling, and patching where necessary, and, finally, there is a pronouncement with regard to the sorely vexed question of unfair bowling. Now the

word "undesirable," in the former of these quasi-judicial dicta, gives the key to the attitude in which the cricketing authorities approach these questions which fall under their consideration, and which lie within their discretion to approach in any attitude they please; and the second pronouncement emphasises this attitude very strongly. They say, in effect, that if an umpire no-ball a bowler in such a way as to make it clear (and it is a matter on which no doubt is possible) that he considers his delivery unfair, the captain of the side to which that bowler belongs is bound in honour, as a sportsman and a gentleman, to take him off. Is this not the right spirit for the game that we love to call national, and is it not just this spirit which makes the game a fine and wholesome expression of what is best in the British character?

When we use the word British we include a larger area than when we say merely English. We include a country of which the national game is not cricket, but golf. Golf is a grand game. It is equally expressive, perhaps, with cricket of the spirit of a great nation; but it is not expressive of the same spirit. There is more in it of the strenuous individual effort, and less of the co-operation, which is a feature of cricket. Even the foursome, in which there is a restricted co-operation, is giving place in the favour of golfers to the four-ball match. Possibly that is the reason that it seems impossible to approach the legislation required in golf from the same view-point that the cricketing authorities adopt towards the English game. The appeal to the sportsmanlike feeling of the golfer does not seem to enter into the philosophy of the Rules of Golf Committee, who, doubtless, know their business well. The golfer desires his rules in black and white, and definite. Yet even in golf the better spirit sometimes appears. There was a notorious case at Hoylake, in which the competitors in the final of the amateur championship were undecided as to the rule governing the lifting of a ball from a putting green of a hole other than that for which the players were making. The question, which was governed by a local bye-law, was whether the ball should be placed or dropped. By mutual consent the referee dropped it, and it fell into a hole, on which the opponent lifted it, with a gallantry characteristic of him (akin to the gallantry which, a few months later, cost him his life in South Africa), and placed it on a fair lie. This was not golf. Technically he lost the hole for lifting the opponent's ball. But it was something a deal better than golf. It was an illustration of the best spirit that ought to enter into all British games, and that is illustrated afresh by the latest pronouncements of the M.C.C. committee. There is, indeed, in every game abundant opportunity for the expression of that sense of what is just and generous which belongs to the spirit that we designate sportsmanlike. The opportunity offers itself even in those games which are most deeply tainted with the vices—not of professionalism, as sometimes is said—but of semi-professionalism; for there is nothing discreditable in professionalism frankly avowed. A proposal has been mooted in some quarters for removing altogether the distinction between amateur and professional, as a means of removing those invidious and narrow distinctions on the border line of semi-professionalism. There is much to be said in its favour, but the social question becomes insistent. Of course, the player of education and cultivation could protect himself in some measure as before by the exclusiveness of his clubs, but it would be in some measure only. The present system by which the "players" dress and sit and eat in their own places, and the "gentlemen" also in their own, has its obvious conveniences; but, apart from all that, it is possible for both "player" and "gentleman" to follow cricket, or whatever the game may be, in the generous spirit. It is a spirit so exclusively British that even the American, our first cousin, seems unable to assimilate it. In Rugby football as it is played in America the almost savage counsel to "knock him out of play" is heard again and again. Perhaps it would be too much to say that such a practice is not known in England, but certainly it is not too much to say that there would be no toleration for its public avowal as a deliberate policy. The difference is radically typical of the different ways in which the two closely related nations view their sports and games.

Our Portrait Illustrations

THE HON. LADY KNOLLYS, wife of Sir Francis Knollys, K.C.B., K.C.M.G., formerly well known as private secretary to the Prince of Wales, and now in due course private secretary to His Majesty King Edward VII., forms our frontispiece this week. Lady Knollys, whose home is Blount Court, Henley-on-Thames, is the daughter of the late Sir Henry Thomas Tyrwhitt, third Baronet, and of Baroness Berners, a sister of the Hon. Sir Raymond Tyrwhitt-Wilson, fourth Baronet, of Stanley Hall, Salop, and Keythorpe Hall, Leicestershire. On another page will be found a portrait of Viscount Kingston, eldest boy of the Earl and Countess of Kingston.



ALL honour to the King and to Sir Ernest Cassel; to His Majesty for his wise allotment of the large fund so generously placed at his disposal, to the latter for so beautiful a gift to the nation from the profits of honourable finance. The King's eager interest in the sick, and in the best means of alleviating their sufferings, has been the characteristic of his lifetime. Of Sir Ernest Cassel the world at large heard very little until recently; but amongst the great financiers he has long been a real power. He now deserves to be ranked with the goodly fellowship of those who, having made great wealth in commerce, have not forgotten the poor and the needy.

If our foreign critics take notice of such things, how amazed they must have been by the year's administration report of the Orange River Colony. Day by day they point out that we are getting the worst of the war, and predict early dates for our expulsion from the country; and there all the while we have been quietly settling affairs so that, to take one instance, there are now nearly twice as many Boer children attending school as before the war. They are voluntarily learning English, too, instead of Dutch! When the last of the irreconcilable Boers is caught and brought in, how surprised he will be to find that while he has been fighting the rooineks his little nephews and nieces have been getting on with their lessons so nicely that they can all sing "God Save the King" right through without a mistake. We may have, as Kipling says, "had no end of a lesson" in South Africa in matters military; but there is one respect in which no other nation could teach us any lesson, and that is in the art of turning conquered enemies into good subjects by kindness.

The Hon. J. Boyle, American Consul at Liverpool, has drawn up a report on American and British trade which deserves attention even from those who hold that he has been too much carried away by the wind of rumour. We cannot for one moment agree with the pessimistic prophecy that the time is approaching when "Great Britain will be permanently relegated to the third position in the ranks of the world's trade and commerce." Anyone going into Germany at the present moment, and taking note of the slackness of trade, the depression of capital, and the discontent of labour, might make out a still more dismal prospect for that country. Nor are observers wanting who see elements of weakness in the United States. Here at home we take care to give the worst possible impression. Is education not what it should be, there are extremists who mount on a tub bottom, or its equivalent, and shout out that we are the worst educated race in the world; does someone point out a fault in our Navy, others, riding the idea to death, declare it absolutely rotten, and so on all round. But all the time the more thoughtful knew that we are steadily improving both our workmen and our ships. It is worth noticing that Germany does only about three per cent. of the trade with our colonies as against our own fifty-two.

Sir James Crichton Browne last Saturday gave an address to the members of the Sanitary Inspectors' Association that will be read with great interest. He pointed out that the present epidemic of small-pox has not reached the dimensions attained by some of its predecessors, but then unfortunately it is assumed on reasonable grounds that it will attain its maximum strength between the months of January and May. Unfortunately, the latest returns do nothing to lessen the force of this contention, as there has been a considerable increase in the number of cases since New Year's Day. What can be done to clear out the disease is, then, the question of the hour. If the outbreak does nothing else, it must at least furnish the Government with facts on which to base an authoritative deliverance as to the effect of vaccination. Should a scientific scrutiny of the cases afford anything like absolute proof of the efficiency of vaccination as a

preventive, then the duty of the Government is plain. Rabies was not stamped out by allowing dog-owners the benefit of conscientious objection, but by resolutely forming and carrying out a great plan. This is what will be expected in regard to small-pox if the figures justify it.

In reference to a letter in last week's issue on "Arbor Day," a correspondent writes to inform us that prizes have been offered by the Bird Protection Society for essays on the most effective means of establishing this as a national festival and custom. Unfortunately, the decision will not be published till the meeting of the society in February, and March is a late month for planting. This is the more to be regretted, as in Coronation year Arbor Day would have been almost sure of a high degree of popularity. English people are fond of the idea of planting commemoration trees—witness the numbers to be seen at Sandringham, Windsor, and the other Royal residences. Both the late Queen and the present King favoured the practice. In the United States and the colonies millions of trees have been planted on Arbor Day, and a convincing proof that it has passed into an established institution is that the phrase "Arbor Day" has been admitted into one of the most recent and considerable dictionaries. However, there is no good reason for awaiting the decision of the Bird Protection Society before practical steps are taken. Every village is entitled to hold its Arbor Day here and now.

Mrs. Gallup may or may not be a butterfly, but literature has brought forth its most ponderous hammers to crush her on the anvil. With the only half-hearted exception of Mr. W. H. Mallock she has gained no English man of letters to her side, and he, when cornered, claimed only that a *prima facie* case had been made out for investigation. But really we doubt if the Shaconbakespeare game was worth the candle. If anybody sincerely believes that Bacon wrote the plays, he must have an extraordinary conception of human nature. Bacon was, as far as his published writings go, a man of prose; Shakespeare, even in his prose, is always a poet. Then just imagine what Mrs. Gallup would have us believe—that Bacon, the shrewdest, most far-seeing man of his time, was ashamed to be known as the author of stage plays, and not only let a poor player have the credit of them in his lifetime and the glory when he was dead, that he heard Ben Jonson and the other dramatists praising their dead comrade in language so fine and sincere that it still lives, but also gave in to all this and held his tongue, yet worked into the text an obscure cipher that had a very remote chance of being read in the years to come. All this would have been absolutely incredible, even if Mr. Sidney Lee and the other correspondents of the *Times* had not been able to show that the whole of the Gallup interpretation was absurd.

There has been another bonfire of M. Zola's novels in Australia. At Melbourne the local Supreme Court has decided that they belong to a class of "indecent literature" within the meaning of the Act. So in order to avoid contaminating the innocent youths and maidens of the Commonwealth a batch of these novels was solemnly burnt. One would like to hear the author's comments on the incident. For M. Zola, be the result what it may, takes his novel-writing as seriously as his patriotism, and unquestionably believes that his works have a lofty moral aim. Some of us, who are far from disagreeing with him on this point, would nevertheless be loath to interfere with the Melbourne burning, only they would probably try to justify themselves not on the Puritan ground that the books are unclean, but that they are so portentously dull. The hand of the eminent Dreyfusite can by no stretch of imagination be deemed a light one!

It is bad news indeed that the wooden bridge at Pangbourne, which every lover of the Thames knows as a familiar object in one of the most beautiful reaches of the river, is doomed by reason of insecurity and likely to be replaced by an iron structure sure to be unsightly. But the matter is not quite so simple as "A Lover of the Thames" seems to think. He writes to the *Times*: "It is simply a matter of money. The directors of the Bridge Company—it is a toll bridge—declare themselves unable to build anything more costly than an iron bridge, but there is no reason to suppose they would refuse to have a really beautiful stone bridge erected provided the necessary funds were forthcoming." Of course there is no reason to apprehend anything worse than a grudging acceptance if such an offer as is indicated were made; but is the river-loving public likely to endow the money-making company with a new bridge? Surely the occasion is rather one for pointing out that these ancient toll bridges in private hands are an anachronism and a nuisance, and for carrying on a wholesome agitation with the object of buying out the Bridge Company, which on its own confession clearly does not value its property highly.

In the current number of the *Garden* is a letter from Mr. Augustine Henry, consisting of some ten columns of closely-

packed information, which is of absorbing interest to all botanists and lovers of plants. Mr. Henry went to China in 1881 without training in botany, and quite ignorant of gardening. In the comparatively short space of twenty years he has made such use of unrivalled opportunity that he has become an accomplished botanist, and has gained such successes as a collector as have rarely come to the lot of man. His first happy hunting grounds were the mountains surrounding the Yangtse above Ichang, itself a thousand miles above the sea, their gorges and ravines, and his finds of flowering trees and shrubs, of plants (of which *Lilium Henryi* is but one), of fruit bushes and of timber trees, are simply without number. In Formosa, too, and in the valley of the Yunnan, Mr. Henry made great discoveries and studied the life of some strangely savage folk. The book which he hopes shortly to publish should be a delight to plant-lover and ethnologist alike.

Meanwhile a note concerning Formosans of Malay origin is distinctly novel. "Never shall I forget my first sight there of savages—one morning that I visited the neutral ground whither they came armed to barter with the Chinese. They were a band of forty, led by two chiefs, the younger of whom wore a coronet of boars' teeth. A few women accompanied them, wild creatures, dressed for the occasion in longish robes. I noticed that they were tattooed transversely across the wrists. The men were longitudinally tattooed across the wrists, and wore only an apron. Their hair hung down unkempt in wild disorder, and their rolling eyes were never steady for a moment. Dwarf in stature, they scarce looked like human beings, and the old Spanish priest of the mission, where I had stayed the night before, assured me that for all practical purposes they had no souls. They warred continually with the Chinese of the plain, chiefly to decorate their huts with the skulls of the latter, and no young savage was allowed to wed until he had brought home one skull."

A SORTIE OF WILD DUCK.

Cackle of mallard and splash of his wings in the pool,
Whistling of widgeon and teal in the twilight grey.
Circle on circle they ring on the breeze grown cool
That whispers of cornfields awaiting them far away.
Can they but win to them? Higher they mount and wheel
Over the sanctuary safe, their midday home.
See, through the trees comes a glint of a barrel of steel.
Perilous work, this sortie! Still now they come.
Steadily winging his way, he pilots their course,
Veteran, who oft has the fiery ordeal borne,
Two bills' length to the front, like a colonel of horse,
Three in a slanting line, his men in this hope forlorn.
Necks outstretched, with a rush to the edge of the park,
One more field, and the danger to-night is o'er.
Swiftly they top the trees; but out through the dark
The wire-drawn cartridge sounds with a muffled roar.
And to the shot comes a thud on the meadow behind,
Beat of a wing-stroke once on the dewy grass.
Gently retrieve him, this is his fate assigned;
High overhead his comrades scattering pass.

H. L. T. P.

A correspondent, who makes a special study of football, writes on the eve of the England v. Wales match: "The Rugby Union Selection Committee are entitled to a good deal of our pity this year. At the beginning of the season there seemed some improvement in England's prospects. Oxford, with a really brilliant back division, scored an uninterrupted series of successes, and it seemed probable that by building round a nucleus from the Oxford fifteen a young and vigorous team might be selected of men playing the same game, and accustomed to one another's play. These hopes have been rudely shattered. After London and the Universities had routed the Rest of the South at Richmond, the South team, mainly composed of University men, fell equally decisively before the North, and now the Rest of England XV., chosen principally from the victorious North, has been beaten by Devonshire, which was champion county last year, but has already suffered defeat this season in its own division. Under these circumstances, the Selection Committee have fallen back on their old plan of choosing players from every county, and of every style. Gamlin, who has not appeared in any of the trials, comes in at back, though he has been playing three-quarters all the season. The three-quarters hail from three counties, and include Raphael, who, on his form in the 'Varsity match, is quite unworthy of his place. The halves are admittedly moderate. The forwards are chosen from five counties, and unless Daniell plays, and shows even more than his usual power of leading, will probably be as ineffective as the English pack against Scotland last year."

Game preservation in India was the subject of an address by Lord Curzon in reply to a memorial from the Burma Game Preservation Society. He deplored the progressive decrease of wild life in the peninsula, where the lion is only found now in a few forests in Kathiawar, and several other species are growing scarce. Among these are the gaur, or bison, and deer. Both the cheetah, or axis deer of the jungle, and the big sambar are diminishing. The latter were already very scarce in the low country when Baldwin wrote his "Large and Small Game of Bengal," and they are now almost as rare in parts where they were formerly common as the wapiti on the prairies. Yet there are states where religion protects nearly all game, such as Jeypore, where the depredations of pigs and other wild beasts drove whole villages to despair. But the Government have the remedy entirely in their own hands. They can make a close time where and when they please, control licences, and more especially can prevent the natives from killing birds in the nesting season and females and young of big game. What Lord Cromer can do surely Lord Curzon can do also.

Covert shooting in the snow is not all pleasure, least of all for the unfortunate beaters. It has some compensations, however, in the lessons it teaches us as to the manners of pheasants and their disposition in regard to covert in hard weather. We hear a great deal said to the disparagement of rhododendrons as covert for pheasants, the common form of statement being that they look very good covert, but that the birds never go into them. This is a statement that is wholly disproved by the experience of a snowy time. It is rather to be said, then, that you do not find the birds anywhere else. It is quite true that in ordinary circumstances pheasants do not seem very fond of the rhododendron covert, but it has its undeniable uses. It is so hardy. When other things fail, and bramble and bracken are laid flat with snow, there is warm lying under the rhododendrons. Again, the ordinary rhododendron has the enormous advantage of being unpalatable to the rabbit; and probably this is true of the hybrid kinds also. Most of the shrubs that have the credit of being rabbit-proof are only so when there is abundance of other food for the bunnies, but when they are hard put to it there is hardly a green thing that they will not eat. The rhododendron, however, is one of those things. Unfortunately, there are soils in which it is next to impossible to coax the rhododendron to flourish.

Certain proceedings at Greenwich Police Court on Saturday last are calculated to encourage parents, guardians, and schoolmasters. Manfred Spencer Chiverell, in spite of his beautiful name and his tender age—he was only twenty-two—suffered fines of £110 and 10 guineas costs, for a series of offences in connection with betting of which one was particularly heinous. It was that of "sending or causing to be sent to one T. Bardwell, an infant, at Eton College, Windsor, circulars inviting him to make bets or wagers on horse-racing, or to apply for information or advice for the same purpose." That is an unpardonable offence, which cannot be too severely punished, and it is to be hoped that the example made of Chiverell, who had some other names when he chose, may be effectual as a deterrent to his brothers in roguery. There has been a good deal of talk concerning the existence of this evil at our public schools of late, and one rascal, possibly Chiverell, was detected very neatly because, when he sent a cheque for winnings he forgot that a house-master at Eton and a boy might bear the same name. But it is only in exceptional instances that masters can deal with cases of the kind in our public schools. The real remedy lies in the hands of the boys themselves, and resolute monitors, preceptors, and prefects can, if they will, stamp out the evil thoroughly.

The beginning of the year brings with it the opening of the agricultural show season, and also the season for sales of pedigree livestock. Of these Shire horses are the first to claim attention, the great London show coming on in February, and the most important sale being that of Lord Rothschild's on the 15th inst. Last year about this time Lord Llangattock succeeded in breaking the record of prices that had been previously held by the King, or the Prince of Wales as he then was; it will be interesting to see if Lord Rothschild succeeds in going one better. There is certain to be keen competition for such celebrated mares as Alston Rose and the Nun, and for that splendid stallion, Anchorite.

A very fine specimen of the old Irish "corrack," or canoe, has been dug out of a bog near Tuam, and is to be placed in the Royal Museum at Dublin. It was accidentally found by some peat cutters, at a depth of a few feet from the surface, where the well-known preservative qualities of the peat have kept it, for the many ages since its stranding, in a very perfect state. Its length is no less than fifty-two feet, and it had to be taken to Dublin in a specially joined double truck.

SKI RUNNING IN NORWAY.

THE Norwegian word for snowshoes, "ski," is quite familiar to all friends of sport, but as yet only a few have personally experienced the pleasure and joy of an outing on ski. It is well worth a trial, and a general description of how snowshoeing is carried on in Norway may therefore be of interest.

The nature of the country and its climate have made some means of conveyance a necessity for traversing the mountains and forests, in winter-time all covered with deep snow. And thus the ski, which enable you to cross the deep snow without sinking through and with a remarkable speed, have been used from ancient days in Norway. The Vikings were great experts on ski, and the legends tell us of wonderful feats performed by them. In our days the peasants have still to use their ski when wishing to traverse the country, and are exceedingly persevering, covering a great distance in very little time; but from a sporting point of view the chief interest is located around the larger towns, in the neighbourhood of which young and old, girls and boys, spend the greater part of their spare time during the winter on ski.

Every year a considerable number of races are held, the grandest of which is on the Holmenkollen Hill, in the immediate vicinity of Christiania. Such races generally consist of two different contests—the long run and the jump:

A certain distance is to be covered within the shortest time. The course is laid out across country, and the competitors leave the starting point one by one, at regular intervals, guided by small red marks hung at suitable distances on the trees. They run across the level, through woods, over fences, uphill, and shoot down slopes at a tremendous pace, when suddenly the course twists off at a sharp angle in the middle of a steep hill. Then is the time to show one's ability. Many a headlong plunge is made into the soft snow, but such small misfortunes never disturb the competitors—they are up and off in a moment again. The finish is generally at the starting point, the



Th. Thorkelsen.

AT THE SUMMIT.

Copyright

distance of up and down hill course being equal. As a rule ten to twelve English miles are covered in an hour, sometimes even more. The distance to be covered in a bee-line may be reckoned at anything between 20 miles and 100 miles in a day.

In the beginning of February each year (this year on the 3rd, weather permitting) this contest takes place on the Holmenkollen Hill, near Christiania, and is followed with the greatest interest, fully deserved. Nowhere else can such performances be seen. In beautiful surroundings of fir trees, a bright blue sky, and the ground all covered with myriads of crystals of white, crisp snow, the pick of Norwegian ski runners compete. The hill should be long and as steep as possible. About the middle of the slope a jump is built, being about 6 ft. high, below which the angle of the hill is often 35 deg. to 40 deg., or more. The angle above the jump should not be quite so steep, the top of the jump itself about level, so as to obtain a firm take off. Along the sides of the hill and in a semi-circle around the foot of it are arranged platforms with seats, from which the spectators have an excellent view of the performances.

Thousands of people meet to witness the race, some arriving in sleighs, others coming by the electrical tramway, and from thence on foot, but the majority come on their ski. The King of Norway and Sweden and the Royal Family, when residing in Christiania, also witness the run. Dr. Nansen, the Arctic explorer, who is himself an excellent ski runner, has frequently been seen at the jump.

The competitors are provided with large numbers, and, having firmly fastened their ski—some in fact have them screwed fast to their boots—proceed to climb the hill. With a 7 ft. to 8 ft. long piece of wood, as the ski may be described, on each of your feet, this is rather awkward for a beginner. However, the tricks are soon learnt. The hill is either ascended zigzag wise, or quicker still straight up, but then with the points of the snowshoes kept well out, so as to prevent sliding backwards, which is unavoidable if an attempt to walk straight up



Th. Thorkelsen.

THE HOLMENKOLLEN HILL.

Copyright

the hill is made. The ski are in this manner brought one over the other a step further up the slope, leaving a trail described as "fishbone," on account of its resemblance to the bone of a herring. Having thus attained the top of the hill, number one makes ready for the start. A horn is blown as a signal that the coast is clear, and off you go. The first few yards slowly, then with increasing speed until the jump is reached, whence with a good jump off you fly into the air, describing a curve along the slope of the hill, and landing again, say, 100ft. from the point where you left the earth last time, immediately progressing with the same speed until the bottom of the hill is reached, where an elegant swing brings you round and to a dead stop. Each competitor goes twice over the jump. The best man must, besides never having fallen, jump the farthest, carry himself in the best and most graceful manner, and show the best command of his body and ski. The feet should be kept close together. The balance is kept by leaning well forward so as to be always as near as possible at a right angle against the slope of the hill. One of the best jumps made in a hill near Christiania gave the following record (only jumps managed without falling count; any ski runner who has fallen is put out of consideration): Length of jump, 35 metres (equals about 115ft. English measure), this gives a clear vertical drop of 15 metres (equals about 50ft.), all measured from the point where the earth is left to the landing point below. The immense speed, which is constant before, during and after the jump, and the steepness of the hill, alone enable the ski runner to make this jump without being crushed down. The feelings and sensations experienced during the few seconds which pass from the start at the top until the finish at the foot of the hill are unique. The expectation and hope, will you manage the jump? then the delightful feeling of the cool air rushing past as you gather speed until reaching the jump, when you straighten every nerve, collecting strength and balance for the leap. Throwing yourself well forward, off you go, straight into the air. At this point your feelings become positively superb. You are rushing on somewhere high up, with no support whatever, the trees, spectators, horses and sleighs are far beneath, but if you have nerve and thought enough there is a fine view to be had somewhere ahead, until you suddenly feel land again, gather yourself together, feel your balance coming back and experience the pride of having succeeded. Then you rush on until you reach the bottom, when you swing sharply round, and draw a long breath as all is over.

Such feats are, of course, not effected without considerable practice for some years, but also for foreigners, and necessarily beginners, the sport of ski running has the greatest attractions. After a few days' practice you are, as a rule,



Th. Thorkelsen. A GOOD JUMP.

Copyright

advisable for beginners, a pair of thick Lapp boots, with thick, hairy socks to suit, and a pair of woollen mittens, the total cost of which may average £2. The tickets to Christiania, especially during winter-time, and the hotel fares are comparatively very moderate.

The above is intended to be a short description of the ski sport in Norway, but does not by far reach the reality; in fact, it cannot be imagined without personal experience. My advice is, come and see, it, you will not regret.

GUY SHEPHERD.

O'ER FIELD & FURROW

AS we draw nearer to the close of the season the more news there is. Passing over the rumour of the possible resignation of Sir Gilbert Greenall, which I do not believe to have much foundation, there is the retirement of Mr. T. C. Garth to be noted. Few men have done so much as he has for hunting. For half a century he has been a Master of Hounds. I do not think he ever hunted hounds himself. I have known the country all my life, and cannot remember his having done so. Mr. Garth has hunted with great success a rough and difficult country, full of big woods and pheasant preserves bordered by suburban villas. It is a country of contrasts, part of it being a wild forest and haunts of country, where stout foxes take much finding and a great deal of killing, and another part of it more encroached on by building. It will be a difficult matter to find a successor, impossible for anyone to fill the place which Mr. Garth has occupied for so long. Arkwright continues to be Master of the North Warwickshire Hunt, receiving a guarantee of £2,000 a year. Mr. Cockburn will be joined in the Mastership of the Blankney by Lord Lonsborough, who Loughton,



Th. Thorkelsen. STARTING FOR THE RUN.

Copyright

Chapin's house, Blankney Hall, some years ago. Mr. W. H. Dann will be Master of the Craven. All will remember how sadly Mr. Bariow's Mastership ended. The hunt are fortunate to secure Mr. Dunn's services, for he is well known in the hunt, of which he was Master twice before.

The calamity which has befallen Mr. Kay, of the South Coast Stag-hounds, will call for sympathy from every hunting man. Nearly the whole of his little pack were injured by a terrible fall down a chalk-pit last week when running well on the line of their deer.

Sooner or later the run of the season is sure to take place. The only question is whether we ourselves shall be out on that day, or, being out, are able to live through the best of the run. Well, we had our great runs last week. Mr. Fernie's was the chosen pack. Everything about the chase was good; a splendid line. The pace was out of the common—rather more than eight miles as the crow flies in an hour cannot easily be beaten. The day was Thursday, January 2nd, and the meet was at Hallaton. To Slawston Covert hounds were trod away at once. Quickly they found, and, coming out of covert with a good line, settled down to race. Glooston Wood they left on the right; not to-day was half the steel to be taken out of the horses by splashing through its deep and boggy rides. This gallant fox scorned the shelter of these coverts. Croze village, the picturesque, was passed, and the line held good to Nuseley. When there was no pause here, and the coverts where so many good foxes have ended their lives were left behind, men realised that a first-rate, possibly a great, run was before them. All doubt was scattered when hounds held on with a sure and silent purpose across the Rolleston grass, and swooping over the road took up the line, and ran up the Ashlands Valley. This favoured ground, with its green pastures and flying fences, to have ridden over which makes the season a good one, was in its turn left as hounds swung round on the line and began to run up towards the Coplow. There were but few riders left, and those few were nursing their horses, for the ground was deep for High Leestershire, and the pace told on the best blood in the shires. One by one the line dropped off, or sought the help of the road. Men who never ride a yard on the stone if they can help it were glad now of its firm surface. Though no longer riding to hounds, it was possible for them to keep in touch with the pack. The Coplow was reached and passed, the railway crossed, and between Quenby and Hungarton the end came of the finest run of this season, or, perhaps all things considered, of several seasons. The year we rode from Slawston to Hungarton in an hour will long be remembered by those who took part in the chase. Hounds required but little hunting, but I wonder how many people realised how much they owed of this splendid gallop to the huntsman. What long hours of tedious road work are needed to bring a pack to such a pitch of fitness that they can run at almost top speed for an hour! Look for a moment on the other side of the picture. Some years ago, I was hunting with a famous pack that had a huntsman with a reputation justly earned. Hounds ran well, but came to a sudden halt in the middle of a big field. After some minutes of waiting and casting, hounds took up the line almost where they had left it, and hunted on—need we say at much diminished speed? The cause of the check was that hounds were blown. Except by loafing, more good runs are spoilt by this than by any other cause.

The Pytchley on New Year's Day had a good day's sport, but nothing to be compared to Mr. Fernie's run just described. Wednesday was one of those winter days which are in England among the most delightful of the year. A bright warm sun, a soft breeze, and the air clear and bright. To see Lord Spencer acting as Master carried us back to old times, when he ruled the fortunes of the hunt with firm but kindly hand, and Will Goodall's cheery "Huic, huic, huic" set our hearts beating. There is perhaps nothing in which one is more tempted to praise past days than in hunting. Naturally those are the best times when we ourselves rode straight, and therefore saw more than we do now. As time goes on, if the fences do not daunt us, the crowd such as we meet on Pytchley Wednesday does. There were three Messrs. Nickalls qualifying to play for the Hunt Cup at Ranelagh next season—the Pytchley should have a good chance of that trophy—Lord Annaly, Mr. C. de Trafford, General Brabazon, Mr. Romer Williams, the Rev. Cecil Legard, the Rev. H. Rokeby, Major Aikman. It was notable how the tall hat has come back into fashion for ladies in the hunting-field. The Dianas of our day grow, as it seems to me, smarter each season, while the tendency of men is rather the other way. Among a field of 250 or 300, the red patches were few, and I noted a number of men with some pretensions to smartness in the dark grey coat and yellow waistcoat. They were a wonderfully well mounted field. The weight-carrier on which Mr. Muntz was riding was magnificent; no other word applies. The huntsman, John Isaacs, had a capital stamp of horse, full of quality. Lord Annaly rode two good-looking horses, one of which did not fail nevertheless to deposit him in the Swift later on. Kilworth Sticks, like many another famous covert, is often a disappointing one. Not often has it held a fox this season. It is, as its name implies, a thick covert, and appears to me admirably situated for breeding foxes. If a fox fairly goes away, a good gallop is a certainty, for the country round is admirable. But it is not easy to make them break, with foot people and dogs in every field. It was with a sense of relief that we turned our backs on Kilworth and started for a solid four or five mile trot to Lord Braye's park at Stanford. There are some beautiful coverts here, an osier-bed by the river, a copse on a hill, and lastly, a spinney in the park itself. A prettier find it would be impossible to describe. The fox and the hounds and the field came away together. The Pytchley hounds are a rich-coloured pick, and beautiful they looked streaming away over the brilliant old turf of the park. They are, as I have said before, a most gloriously musical pack. For the combination of hunt, drive, and music they must stand first among the lady packs of the day. Fred Cox, Lord Rothschild's famous huntsman, used to say that hounds could not speak with a field riding

on their tails, but this pack sang a vigorous chorus with some 200 people very close to them. The run began with considerable promise, and developed into a very excellent hunt. It was hunting as far as Misterton, but after the Great Central Railway had been crossed the hounds seemed to move with more dash. Those who refused the Swift, and those who remained in the stream, and there were several, lost their places, and but few were really with them in the gallop over the Atherstone country which followed. The chase came abruptly to an end by the fox going to ground in a railway embankment. By this time I was out of my country, but it was an eight-mile point and a very fine run. Once more Mr. Fernie's hounds scored a good and most enjoyable hunt from Billesdon. Thurnby Gorse was the starting point, but I cannot say it was the equal of the one of the day before, since hounds were never cast once in that splendid run. As soon as the fox was clear of the covert hounds ran well. The whole run was a series of sharp bursts from Thurnby to Evington, and then, after crossing the Leicester Road, once more they ran hard to Scraftoft. From this point hounds worked out a faint line very steadily and well to the Coplow. What would otherwise have been a pleasant day was marred by a serious accident to Mrs. Murray Smith, of Gumley Hall. She had a bad fall at the Humberstone Brook, and was a good deal hurt. For those people who did not care for so long a ride as Billesdon Mr. J. H. Stokes's harriers provided a pleasant day's sport from Great Bowden. The hounds had rather a narrow escape on the Midland Railway, being caught between two trains. One of the drivers slackened speed, and thus saved the little pack from destruction.

A friend of mine who was shooting in the Fitzwilliam country tells me he had a day with these hounds last week. A peculiar interest attaches to this pack, which is now once more under the sole management of Mr. Fitzwilliam. Of the hounds and their huntsman my informant speaks well. From a riding man's point of view it was not a good day, but it was no bad opportunity for seeing hounds work in a plough country. The scent was never good, but foxes were plentiful enough. The field were patient, and gave hounds plenty of room,

which people do not always do. Mr. William Coryton has written to the *Western Morning News* to complain of the increasing carelessness of people about riding over or kicking hounds. No doubt the question of kickers on the hunting field with or without red ribbon is one that will have to be taken up. Mr. Coryton does not agree with a Master of Hounds who remarked that "one hound more or less made little difference, you could always buy another for a couple of sovereigns." This was said seriously, and not with the bitter irony of the huntsman who observed, "It is a poor hunt that can't stand a hound a day." X.



Th. Thorhelsen. SKI: IN MID AIR.

Copyright

WILD . . . COUNTRY LIFE.

LOVEMAKING BY LEAPS AND BOUNDS.

SUNNY days in early January always give an impetus to the love-making of the hares. All of their courtship is comical; but the funniest part of it is the beginning. To see this you have only to watch the hares feeding quietly in couples on any fine afternoon in late December or early January. Two of them will be sedately browsing a few feet apart, when suddenly the happy thought that spring is coming seems to strike the male, and without any warning he tosses himself several feet in the air, and resumes his feeding. After a few seconds interval he does the same thing again and again, until one of those unaccountable impulses to which hares are subject seizes his wife, and off she goes at a great pace, and he follows. After racing a hundred yards or so they both stop suddenly and continue their meal, which is diversified, as before, by the husband's intermittent acrobatics.

THE HARE JUMPS FOR JOY.

One could understand these sudden gymnastics in the middle of dinner if the hare's wife bit him; or, indeed, he might leap with honeymoon joy on looking up and catching sight of his lady love across the dinner-table, so to speak. But there is no such connection of cause and effect in the matter. The hare bounds upwards, as if someone had run a long pin into him, without any regard to circumstances. As often as not he has his back turned to his wife, who may be five yards off. No, it is evidently the mere joy of life, that bubbles over in wild creatures in their seasons of love, which seizes the hare when, apparently, he least expects it and flings him up into the air. For he does not merely "jump up" as a dog might do. He is shot up as from a catapult and falls down again like a dead hare, sometimes even alighting on his back. It is an amazing performance; but you may see stolid rabbits do it too.

THE BIRDS IN MILD WEATHER.

The mildness of the first few days of January had its usual effect also upon the birds, whose wish in winter is always easily persuaded to father the thought that spring is here. So the robin and the hedge-sparrow sing against each other from shrubbery to hedgerow; while the wren, who had crept up to the highest twig of the creepers on the summer-house, could not let the occasion pass without trolloping out his lustiest crol to the listening garden. In the silence that seemed to follow this surprisingly large song from so small a bird you could hear that medley of indistinct notes and chuckles which makes the obligato accompaniment to the starling's whistling solos. On the pond the half-fame mallards were engaged in amorous chases of their quackering ducks, and over the park-field one skylark was singing aloft and others were chasing each other to and fro. For at this season, especially when the sun shines, the

resident skylarks are pegging out their claims for summer, and you may see a wanderer hunted on from one part of a pasture to another, till at last he joins the company of homeless larks on the stubble or among the turnips.

SNOW-DRIVEN LARKS.

These homeless larks are mostly young birds and foreigners who have no thoughts yet of their own distant nesting sites. Food is their sole desire, and any day they may be driven in myriads many miles away by the urgent necessity to find it. Two days before Christmas, when the ground was covered with snow, larks were passing by scores and hundreds from early morning as long as daylight lasted. They were all travelling in a line with the coast due west, although the wind was blowing from the south, flying low and steadily, reconnoitring the ground as they went. Our own larks did not join them, for our snow was not too deep for them to find food through it in the clover stubbles; but no doubt these travellers had been compelled to start upon a late migration from the east by a heavier snowfall, and were following the coast with the sun in search of a country that was still green. Partial migrations like this take place at almost all times of the year, according to the weather and the supplies of food.

THE LANGUAGE OF FOOTPRINTS.

The same snowfall which sent the larks on their midwinter travels betrayed many a stoat to its enemy the gamekeeper, for even the stoat cannot move so stealthily as to leave no footmarks in the snow. Yet, if he deliberately tried to disguise his tracks, he could not do better than he does so far as an inexperienced eye is concerned. Most snow footprints can be read with ease by anybody. There is no mistaking the heavy, short-pronged impression of the partridge for the radiating tracks of the moorhen or the deeper and more deliberate prints of the pheasant, each half rubbed out by the sweep of its long tail. Then there is no doubt about the clustered footprints of the rabbit or the larger and wider-distanced marks of the hare's long-louping gait. Even the rat leaves a chain of little footprints, with an occasional smudge of a long tail, which are recognisable at once, as is the tiny tracery of a similar pattern which the mouse leaves wherever he goes, while of small birds you can make a fair guess at the species by the size of the double stars, which are linked in a chain by the lines where the hind claws of each foot failed to clear the snow in hopping.

A STOAT'S USEFUL GAIT.

But, besides all these, you will sometimes find a track which suggests that some two-legged animal, with feet about the size of a dog's, has been striding deliberately along by the side of hedge or stream, and you may follow it a long way before reaching a spot where some check compelled the stoat to plant its feet separately. Then you discover that each of the footprints which you have been following is really made up of four, for the stoat gallops easily along,

holding each pair of feet close together, and planting the hind pair exactly over the mark of the front pair. Think of the advantage which this habit must be to the stoat in hunting through undergrowth! He has only to plant his little fore feet together on well-chosen spots, and his hind feet follow noiselessly in the same track. You will see cats deliberately adopt the same device when stalking birds, carefully leaping over obstacles so that their fore feet fall upon a noiseless spot and their hind feet follow in the same tracks.

TRACKED AT LAST.

But those who have identified the stoat's track once can always recognise it at sight—indeed, when the snow is thawing, the fact that each seeming footprint is made up of four small ones is always plain enough—and the gamekeeper easily profits by his knowledge. For at other times the ways of stoats are hard to discover. You know that they visit certain places by the mischief which they do, but how they get there or by which road they return, in other words, where you ought to set a trap, there is no means of discovering. This was the case with a stoat which visited one of the warrens almost daily, until the snow fell; and then, lo, a track was found at right angles across a field from the warren to the trout stream 80 yds. away. From there it followed the windings of the stream for about a quarter of a mile to a place where a 4 in. rail is fixed across the stream to prevent cattle straying down stream. At the near end of the rail grew a small thorn clump, and straight through this went the stoat's track and over the rail! Who could have guessed that this stoat came daily to the warren by a circuitous route from a coppice half a mile away on the other side of an unbridged stream, crossing it by means of a narrow rail 4 yds. long? But having discovered this, all the keeper had to do was to place a trap strategically in the thorn clump, just where the stoat's leap from the rail landed him in his little pathway through the thorns; and his next trip over the stream was his last.

BIRD-EATING KESTRELS.

With reference to my note on the food of the kestrel a correspondent writes of a kestrel which was kept through the whole of a winter in an outdoor aviary and supplied with no other food than live sparrows and other small birds which had been caught unhurt in traps. These he captured skillfully and ate when hungry, living at peace with them in the intervals. But, of course, the habits of birds in confinement may be totally different from their behavior in a wild state, else Dr. Bowdler Sharpe's experience of female kestrels which killed and ate their brother would brand the bird as a fratricidal cannibal. Nor would the fact that young barn owls in captivity seem to prefer dead sparrows to dead rats prove that they are supplied with the former in a wild state, nor even that sparrows are good for them, for children are notoriously fond of unwholesome things, and it would be a poor compliment to humanity to suppose that our own offspring are the only fools in the world. E. K. R.

SOME GARDENS IN CENTRAL ITALY.

Lucca is said to be one of the pleasantest provincial towns of Italy. It certainly ranks among the oldest, in that it dates from the time of the Etruscans—some five or six centuries before Christ—and after its conquest by Rome

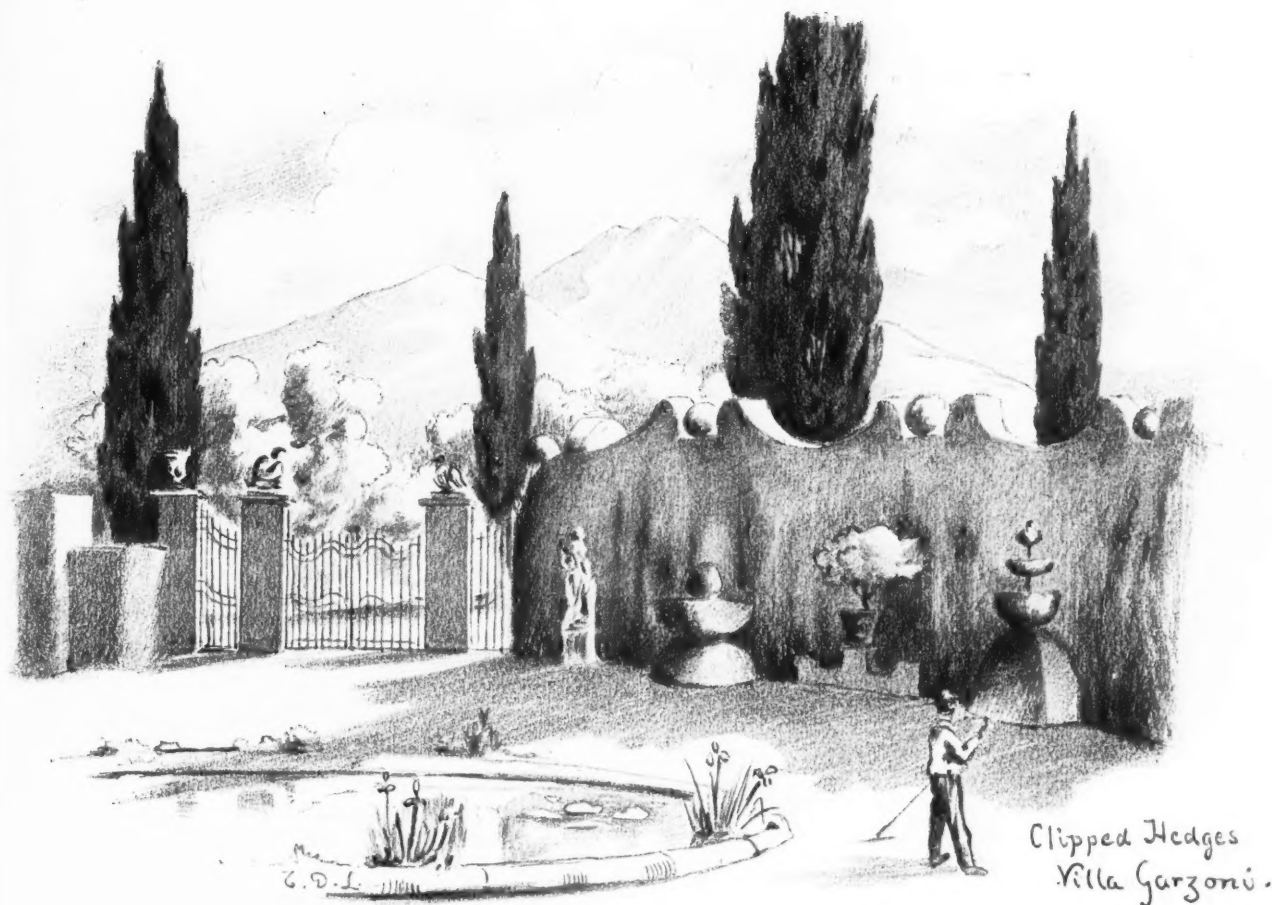
(B.C. 112) it was included into the province of Cisalpine Gaul. That it was a great and important town under the Romans, is proved by what still remains of its once famous amphitheatre; and it was honoured by a visit from Julius Cæsar when, as Governor of Gaul, he came to Lucca, to confer with Pompey and Crassus over the administration of state affairs.

The Goths, the Lombards, and the Franks possessed it in turn. It then became a duchy; after that a Republic; later on it was subject to several powerful lords, and played an important part in the great contentions between the Guelphs and the Ghibellines. It then purchased its freedom, and afterwards maintained its independence till the close of the eighteenth century. In 1814 the dukes of Parma obtained possession of it; they made it their capital, and reigned there till 1847, when they ceded the duchy to Tuscany. The olive-yards around "Lucca l'Industriosa" have made the town renowned throughout the world, and its situation in a fertile plain has contributed not a little to the growth of the tree which plays so important a part in its commerce and prosperity. The town was strongly fortified in days of yore, and it still contains several interesting churches, which the traveller bent on seeing will discover scattered in the dark and narrow streets that wind in and about the city. The "vistas" that are to be met with in many an out-of-the-way corner, and in unsuspected byways, form one of the charms and surprises of Lucca. No hint transpires of what may spring to light as to some lovely courtyard or graceful portico, while the very unexpectedness of the picture does but enhance its beauty. The accompanying sketch shows one of these "vistas," and is a charming specimen of what can be frequently come across in the streets of this quaint mediæval town.

It is interesting to know that English, rather Yorkshire, history is bound up with the of Lucca and the Dukes of Parma. The Duke had among his stable boys a lad of the name Ward, who hailed from Yorkshire. This lad



Palazzo Controni-Rini
Lucca



rose in time to be the Duke's Prime Minister, when, as Baron Ward (for the Duke advanced him to that rank), he honourably administered the affairs of the duchy, and that without ever seeking to enrich himself, or abuse in the least of the absolute power placed in his hands.

The beauty of the columns and capitals, as shown in this sketch, is considerably heightened by the grace of the vaulted arches which they support; while the stone balustrade above serves as a standpoint on which to place vases and creepers, and so obtain a lovely blending of Nature and Art in its simplest and most effective way.

A beautiful walk, made out of the old fortifications, has been constructed on the ramparts, from where delightful views stretch on one side over and into the town, and on the other side away to the mountains. One of the most striking views is into the garden of the Palazzo Controni-Pini, with its alleys, fountains, and statues occupying the front of the picture, and having for a background the old grey palace with its grand architectural features and its open vaulted staircase. It is a noble example of the Renaissance work often to be met with in the town, and it may perhaps have been designed by Matteo Civitali (1435-1501), who was one of the best masters of that style of building in Lucca.

Between Lucca and Pistoja lies the valley of the Nievole, through which runs the Pescia di Collodi, so called to distinguish it from another river of the same name some three miles off and on whose banks stands the town of Pescia. In this neighbourhood are the famous baths of Monte Catini; and on the slopes of the hill hard by is Collodi, where the magnificent Villa Garzoni stands, and of which the three sketches give a true and lovely idea. On the other side of the house and above it lies a small village called Collodi Alto, a picturesque little spot, with its walls and its church all of a rich brown

colour. The only means of approach to the village is through the villa, and once the house is shut up for the night, the villagers are locked in too! It may well be asked if feudalism could be carried further, or if the spirit of the Middle Ages could be expressed in a more forcible manner? This feudal territory is owned by the two daughters of the last Marchese Garzoni, and it can only be hoped that one or other of these

ladies always remembers where she puts the key of the house-door when she goes to bed!

The villa itself is of huge dimensions, with superb views from the terrace over the plain beneath and away towards the distant hills above Pisa. There is little of artistic value or beauty in the vast rooms in the house, with the exception of some fine old canopied beds. The gardens are very large, stretching not only over a great extent of level ground at the base of the hill, but reaching to a considerable distance up it. A wood of ilex trees leads by a lengthy road to an allegorical figure on the top of the hill, and on this height is the spring from where the elaborate system of fountains and waterworks that abound in the garden has its rise. The construction of these pools, cascades, and fountains is said to have been the work of one Ottavio Diotati in the eighteenth century, and certainly the man must have been a master in his art, and have known both how to contrive and execute well the task which was entrusted to him. The clipped hedges are another marked feature in the

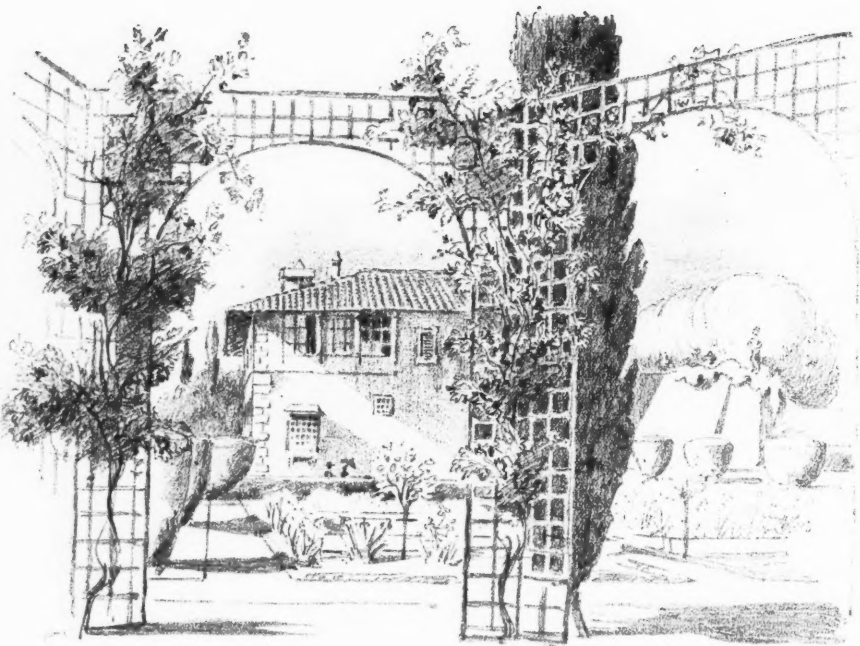


garden of the Villa Garzoni, some of them attaining to the height of 20 ft., and of proportionate width, and offering a happy contrast to the statues, marble steps, and balustrades of straight and winding stonework that are to be found in every direction. This villa was known, and its praises were sung, in the seventeenth century, for we read that Sbarra, the poet of Lucca, wrote an ode on it entitled "Le Pompe di Collodi"; and it may

truly be said that so striking and beautiful a spot was worthy of being immortalised in verse. Like many another Italian villa, the beauty of the place lies more in its position and the marked features of hedge, water, and design than in a special display of flowers. The gardens of the Villa Garzoni do not compete in that way; a few blossoms and flowering plants and shrubs set here and there represent its floriculture. For the rest, it depends on its marvellous setting, and who that has seen it can dare to pronounce it wanting? The cypresses around complete the picture, and add their note of grandeur and individuality to a scene that could have its being only in the heart of Tuscany.

Three other Tuscan villas, though on totally different lines from the one at Collodi, are here given to show the style of house and surrounding to be met with in the lovely Val d'Arno. These represent a far more homely kind of house than that of the Villa Garzoni, though the surroundings of cypresses, lemon trees, and the stonework peculiar to Italy, prove that they hail from that favoured land, and have their home in the garden of Europe.

The last sketch takes us out of Tuscany, away to the neighbourhood of Viterbo, where at Bagnaia is the beautiful villa of the Duca di Lante. A view of his villa has already appeared in *COUNTRY LIFE*, but the sketch now given is from another aspect, and shows the two separate pavilions of which the villa consists, with a fine parterre



Villa di Gamberaja. Florence.
14 May 1901.

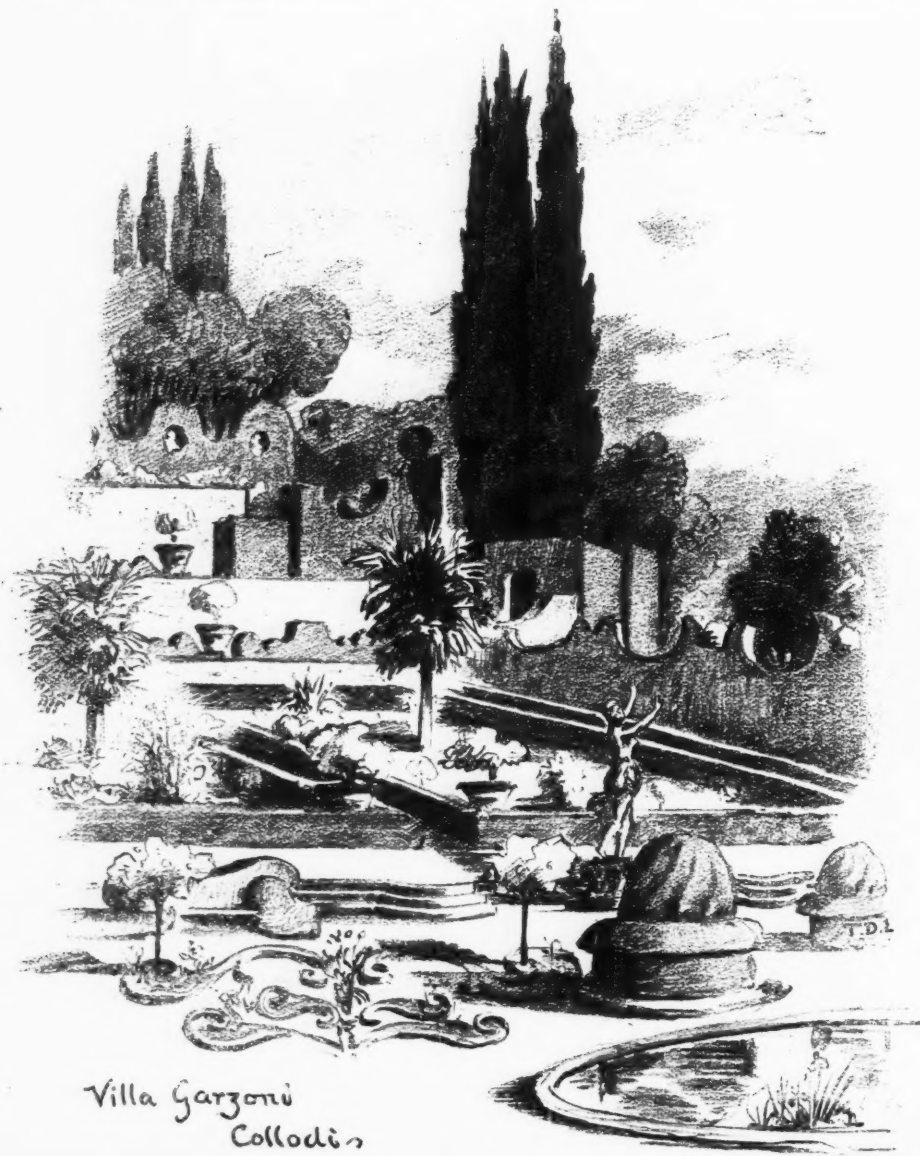
laid out between them. The garden is an excellent specimen of absolutely formal treatment, and is in keeping with the stiff square buildings standing in its midst, while the steps and balustrades, which give almost an idea that they are never ending, harmonise well with the prim setting that accompanies them. The fine trees in the background are a pleasant surprise, and remind one that scattered over Italy—perhaps in greater abundance than seems at first sight likely—fine timber is to be met with, and that many a landlord guards his ancestral “oaks” in as jealous and conservative a spirit as could ever be wished for or expected.

There would be a good opening here for water gardening were such an idea to be entertained; and who can tell but that ere long this novel form of gardening will be added to the glories of the Italian villas, making them rank even more fully than of old among the delights and wonders of the world.

ALETHEA WIEL.

PRUSSIAN . . . GROUSE.

IT has long been common knowledge in cosmopolitan sporting circles that a gentleman named Barry-Herfeldt has successfully made our Scotch grouse at home in the Hohe Venn, on the borders of Belgium and Rhenish Prussia, the district of Malmedy being the centre of distribution, if the term be permissible, of the acclimatised game bird. What, however, is not so generally known in this country, is the strong objection to regarding the red grouse as an introduced British bird, and the determination to view our red grouse as an insular race only of a widespread Continental species that has, in its long isolation in the British Isles, acquired certain marked local characteristics of colour and size. The name grouse, then, not to mention the racial qualification that associates the bird with the northern country from which Herr Barry-Herfeldt actually obtained his birds, is strongly opposed by German sports-



Villa Garzoni
Collodi

men and naturalists, who protest against such a description being allowed to stand in the statute-book when the much-talked-of Act for the protection of the new comers becomes law. "Vennhuhn," they insist, as a compliment to the first scene of its "reintroduction," as they call it, would be a more appropriate title for the bird. Their introducer might, these savants aver, have sought his birds equally well in Scandinavia, Russia, or even East Prussia, and they will not at any price have it that Britain, while taking so much that is "made in Germany," has been capable of contributing to the depopulated German hillsides the gamest bird that flies. Much of this opposition to official acceptance of the red grouse as a British fowl is pedantic and intransigent Anglophobia, for which the sportsmen concerned, at any rate, ought to be heartily ashamed of themselves; but that there is some ground for regarding a bird practically inseparable from the red grouse as at least a former denizen of the moors in the vicinity of the Württemberg stretch of the Black Forest, contemporary allusions, dated 1798 and 1820, prove beyond a doubt.

From this somewhat petty controversy over small issues I gladly turn to a very interesting account lately contributed to a Berlin paper by Doctor Brossen, of Düsseldorf, who has rented some of the moors in the immediate neighbourhood of Malmedy from Barry-Herfeldt himself. That there is a sporting tendency to do everything possible to encourage the northern bird in its new home may be inferred from the self-imposed restriction of a brace per day for each gun, to which all the tenants have subscribed, until such time as the Legislature prescribes a proper close time in accordance with the requirements of the case. Provisionally the open season coincides with that of the partridge, beginning with August 24th; but this date will in all probability

From Malmedy, then, and Sourbrondt and Elsenborn, from one or two isolated moors in Belgium, and from one or two other preserves of enterprising Continental sportsmen, the red grouse is taking a new lease, and extending its range. In a little time even the broad-minded will cease to regard it as a purely British bird, and Continental Europe will have claimed it for its own. Whether the grouse drive will, as a result of agricultural conditions, or as a stand-by for men too old and stiff to tramp, become as fashionable on the east as it is on the west shore of the North Sea remains to be seen. I know too little of Prussian husbandry or of Prussian energy in the pursuit of sport to hazard even a guess.

F. G. AFLALO.

IN THE GARDEN.

BORDER CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

SO much ignorance exists as to the true value of the border Chrysanthemums, that a few notes at this season are necessary to remove wrong impressions. Our notes have aroused the enthusiasm of an excellent gardener who grows the finest varieties to perfection, and he writes as follows: Nothing can equal hardy Chrysanthemums for brightening the beds and borders during autumn except Michaelmas Daisies. Many of the later Chrysanthemums gave a wealth of blossom until the middle of last month, and I would recommend all lovers of flowers, whether they possess large or small gardens, to go in for outside-flowering Chrysanthemums, and I venture to say nine out of ten will be more than gratified with the result. The cost of forming and cultivating a collection is so small that it comes within the reach of all who make any pretence at gardening; and not only are the flowers invaluable for the flower garden, but are equally useful for cutting. Many of the varieties are sufficiently hardy to stand the winter in the southerly

parts of the country, but by far the best results are obtained by annual propagation. The roots may now be lifted and parted into small pieces and potted into small pots, using a very porous compost, and draining the pots well. The plants should be wintered in a cold frame, or failing this plunge the pots in a sheltered position in finely sifted cinder ashes, affording them some protection in cold weather. I append a list of the best varieties. In cold districts the later-flowering ones must be planted against a wall to ensure success:

BEST BORDER CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

Mlle. Marie Masse.—One of the best known, and most beautiful of all, growing 3 ft. high, and with flowers of a purplish lilac colour. The colour description does not read as if the mingling of the two shades were satisfactory, but it is so. A crimson sport from this variety, named *Crimson Marie Masse*, is excellent in every way, and gives its flowers, bright and beautiful in colour, in September.

Mrs. Cullingford.—This is quite one of the older varieties, 2½ ft. high, with bluish white flowers changing

to pure white; it blooms in October, and is useful for all purposes.

Pierrey's Seedling.—This has yellow and bronze-coloured flowers, and is 2 ft. high. It flowers in October, when its wealth of rich colouring is welcome.

Ruby King.—A beautiful ruby red flower, late, but most useful; it grows 2½ ft. high.

Mrs. Martin.—A pink and white flowered variety, delightful in September and October, height 2½ ft.

Harvest Home.—This is perhaps one of the most popular of the whole race; it grows about 3 ft. high, and has chestnut-red flowers with gold reverse. September and October are the months for flowering.

Edith Syrett.—Very free-flowering, light purple in colour, height 2½ ft., and September and October are its season. It lasts longer than the majority of varieties in perfection.

White St. Crouts.—This has white golden-centred flowers. It grows 2½ ft. high, and is one of the freest of all. An excellent variety to make a group of.

Flora.—One of the most decided of yellows, and welcome for its richness in autumn. It grows about 2 ft. high.

Crimson Precocité.—A very fine crimson flower for September and October; height 2 ft.

Toreador.—A bronze-coloured flower, in full beauty in September and October; height 2 ft.

Ambrose Thomas.—One of the best of all outdoor Chrysanthemums, with terra-cotta-coloured flowers; height 3 ft., and in perfection in September.

Ryecroft Glory.—This should be in all collections. It is an October variety, and rich yellow in colour; height 3 ft.

Jules Mary.—A rich crimson flower, very charming in September; the plant is 2 ft. high.

Ivy Stark.—A very beautiful, delicate orange-coloured flower, and one of the best for cutting; height 2½ ft., and in perfection in September.

Mons. G. Menier.—This is of quite a different shade, a tendency to amaranth, and is one of the best for October; height 3 ft. We give the height of the plant as a guide in planting in bed or border.

Mme. Desgranges.—One of the most familiar of all; it is more grown, probably, than any outdoor variety in existence; it makes quite a little bush between 2 ft. and 3 ft. high, and is heavy with blossom in September. George Wermig, primrose yellow, and Mrs. Hawkins, of a bright yellow, are both sports from it.



be put forward to correspond with the opening in Scotland. While, however, congratulating the bulk of these German sportsmen on their chivalrous protection of a bird as yet unrecognised as game, we cannot be so sure that the game laws are observed in the Fatherland with the strictness that might be hoped for under the régime of so good a sportsman as the Emperor, when we find Doctor Brossen execrating a local lover of the gun for shooting during the month of July no fewer than thirty-nine grouse in a single day with dogs!

The Doctor's brief account of the first Continental home of introduced (or "reintroduced"; it matters very little) grouse is of some interest. His own shooting covers some 17,000 acres, rather more than a third of which is fir and beech plantation, while the remainder consists of open moorland, intersected by innumerable burns. Thus nearly two-thirds of the shooting would appear to resemble Scotch grouse moors, cranberries and whortleberries being very thick in places. As the grouse lie out all day on the open heaths, and never in the plantations, it does not look as if change of scene had brought about a corresponding change of habits; and that the bird has made itself at home may be gathered from the fact that Doctor Brossen and his friends, walking straight over the hills three days in succession, and taking one dog on two of these occasions, and two on the third, put up no fewer than a hundred brace. The greatest difficulty, the writer anticipates, will be the birds of prey, for he never saw so many raptorial hawks and the like in so short a time anywhere else within his experience. Foxes and poachers, on the other hand, need be little feared. The former are disposed of on their rare winter visits by the neighbouring poultry farmers, who sprinkle in their runs frozen blood impregnated with strychnine, while, as in the case of the Scotch moors, poachers are discouraged by the difficulty of concealing either themselves or their snares.

Albert Chausson.—Another September flower of orange colouring; height 2ft.

Mlle. Grand-deau.—This has a pink flower in September, a true and clear shade; height 2½ft.

Yellow Gem.—Distinguished by its yellow fimbriated petals. It is a September-flowering variety, and grows 18in. high.

Blanche Colomb.—This has a white and pink flower in September; height 2ft.

La Vierge.—A large white flower, very beautiful in September.

Besides these there are the old favourites, frequently a mass of colour in cottage gardens late in the year, sometimes when November has gone. Belonging to this class are Cottage Pink, the full crimson Jules Lagravere, which is always of a better colour out of doors than under glass, the white O. J. Quintus, Jardin des Plantes, and George Rundle.

A GOOD WEST COUNTRY APPLE—ASHMEAD'S KERNEL.

In many parts of the Western Counties (especially Gloucestershire, Devonshire, Worcestershire, and Somersetshire), the Ashmead's Kernel is in great demand as a midwinter dessert Apple. It is astonishing how much value is placed on certain kinds of fruit in certain counties. About twenty years ago Ashmead's Kernel was preferred to Cox's Orange Pippin in Gloucestershire, but there may have been patriotic reasons for this, as the Ashmead was raised by Dr. Ashmead, an eminent Gloucester physician, and in gardens of any size several trees were always grown to give a midwinter supply. It is a small but delicious fruit, very rich and sweet in flavour, and the tree crops freely as a standard in the counties mentioned. The fruits when ripe are dull yellow, with much russet brown on the shaded side. Few Apples are hardier, and it rarely fails, but one does not often find it in Middlesex. It is, we repeat, a dessert Apple of the very first quality and can be kept well into February, but, like all late dessert Apples, should be placed in a cool store and gathered late if kept later than the date referred to.

"MY GARDEN COMPANION"—GRASS SEEDS.

This is a little book by Mr. Donald McDonald, who is one of the best-known horticulturists of the present day, and is largely composed of articles contributed to the *Daily Telegraph* during the past year. It is quite a modest volume, but none the less valuable on that account. Here is a little note about "Grass Seeds," which shows the kind of information the author supplies—practical and well told. "One of the chief reasons why the method of sowing a lawn with grass seeds in place of laying down turf has only recently become popular is because an insufficient quantity of seeds is always recommended. In some careful investigations recently made by competent authorities it has been proved that the more seed sown within reason, the quicker and closer the result. The old-fashioned idea of making three or four bushels cover one acre might have done for our grandfathers, who did not mind waiting

a year or two for results, but to the present-day gardener, who cannot wait, the theory is now exploded."

ROMAN HYACINTHS.

The readiness with which Roman Hyacinths can be had in flower by Christmas, even by the amateur with a single greenhouse, is too often apt to be overlooked, for at this season the fragrant white blossoms are much appreciated, and in some of the large market establishments they are grown by the thousand. In purchasing Roman Hyacinths heavy, good-sized bulbs should be chosen, as they each push up numerous spikes of blossoms, whereas the smaller ones, though in the first place somewhat cheaper, do not yield anything like the same display. If the first batch is potted early in September, the next a fortnight later, and again a third after the same lapse of time, a succession will be kept up from the end of November onwards in the greenhouse. Whether they are grown singly in small pots or grouped together in pots or pans will greatly depend upon the purposes for which they are intended, but in a general way effective little masses are formed by putting three bulbs triangular fashion in pots 5in. in diameter, and as each bulb pushes up several spikes, a good display is the result. The fact that in these Hyacinths the flowers are borne on several minor spikes, instead of a single large one as in the Dutch varieties, renders the Roman ones far more useful for cutting than the others, added to which their smell is not so overpowering.

COTONEASTER HORIZONTALIS.

"H." sends us the following note about this good shrub: "This distinct and pretty Cotoneaster is, even in winter, decidedly attractive, for though without foliage, the peculiar fish-like arrangement of its flattened branches is very noticeable, and particularly so when studded with bright-coloured berries, which, however, owing to the attacks of birds and mice, seldom last long. Though strictly deciduous, it has been in some lists classed with the evergreens. For small gardens and for many positions in those of greater extent this Himalayan Cotoneaster is a delightful shrub."

PHOTOGRAPHS OF ROSES.—We should welcome any specially good photographs of Roses, either growing or as cut flowers. If in water they should be in plain glasses, or vases without patterns, and on plain backgrounds. If in the garden they should preferably be without figures or accessories, such as the ironmonger's stock, garden seats, bicycles, or family pets. They should be silver prints, glazed, and not less than half-plate size.

CATALOGUES RECEIVED.—Seeds: Messrs. William Paul and Son, Waltham Cross, Herts; Dobbie and Co., Rothsay, Scotland; Messrs. Sutton and Sons, Reading; Webb and Sons, Wordsley, Stourbridge; Fisher, Son, and Sibray, Handsworth, near Sheffield; Dicksons, Chester; James Carter and Co., High Holborn, London.

THE STORY OF ANCIENT BRIDGES.

BRIDGES are no respecters of localities. A capital, if it happens to be on a small river, cannot boast grand bridges, while some quite out-of-the-way town, or even a village, on a great river has a striking and dignified causeway over its wide waters. A correspondent recently sent a photograph of the great Border Bridge at Berwick, built and endowed by James I., which is an excellent example of the first attempts to make a permanent roadway, a kind of "Forth Bridge" over an estuary. The picture which accompanies this article gives an even more striking idea of the size and calibre of this magnificent bridge, which has already been depicted in our "Correspondence" column. Another, in a very famous situation, is four centuries older than Berwick, and has felt upon its antique stones the drums and trappings of many a hostile army. It is King John's Bridge at Tewkesbury. The structure is probably the same as that originally built, though the upper parts have been renewed. The arches are supported on stone springs, on which the rubble top is placed; above some rough brickwork has been added, and a hideous pipe runs beside it, piercing each of the spurs. This is the bridge over which the army of Queen Margaret entered the town before the fight which destroyed the hopes of the Lancastrians for ever. The Prince of Wales was killed or murdered after the battle, and Margaret herself taken prisoner. Looking on these old stones, it is curious to remember that, except the church, they are probably the only work of human craftsmanship remaining on which some of the actors in that bloody battle looked that day. The Queen's army was on the

march to Wales, and the whole campaign turned on the question of existing bridges. The first over the Severn was at Gloucester, but the citizens held it against the Lancastrians. The latter were obliged to march north, up the left bank of the Severn, and to cross King John's Bridge at Tewkesbury, which stands where the Avon joins the larger river.

The river Avon is there a deep, unfordable stream. Consequently, whoever held Tewkesbury held the *tête de pont* of a very important position. The accounts do not give any details of the storming of the bridge. Probably it was considered too hopeless to attempt to take the town on that side. Queen Margaret's army had occupied the town and thrown up fortifications, probably of earth and timber, round it. Some alleged



Mrs. Delves Broughton.

BROMHAM BRIDGE BEDFORDSHIRE.

Copyright



J. Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

A BORDER BRIDGE.

Copyright

remains of those works are still shown, as well as "Bloody Meadow," where the hardest fighting took place. The impetuous onset of the Yorkists, led by Richard Duke of Gloucester, swept over the Lancastrian defences swiftly, and by three o'clock in the afternoon all was over, except the bloody business of the instant execution of the leading prisoners. During the battle, the Earl of Wenlock sat at the head of his men in the market-place, unable to make up his mind whether to aid the other Lancastrians or not. To him rode up the Duke of Somerset, and, after cursing him before his men, knocked his brains out with a mace. Eighteen Lancastrian nobles taken prisoners were beheaded on the field, and several more were seized two days later in the sanctuary of Tewkesbury Abbey, and executed.

The historical significance of bridges of this antiquity is generally worth ascertaining. At Stratford-on-Avon, for instance, another town quite as large as Tewkesbury, and on the same rises, there was no bridge till a rich citizen was moved to build one just before Shakespeare's time. Till then there was only a ferry, and many people were drowned in floodtime. Thus the famous Clopton Bridge at Stratford is only three and a-half centuries old,

(the types often represent perhaps several hundred bridges). Each and every one of these types is structurally good and artistically

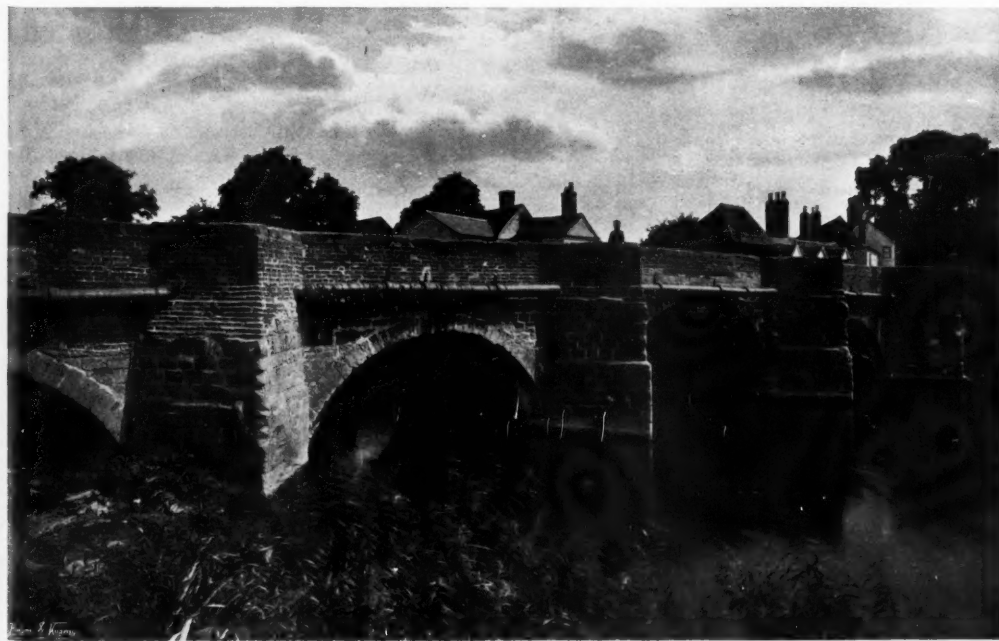


G. W. Wilson & Co.

BEGGARS' BRIDGE AT GLANDALE.

Copyright

beautiful, from the pretty little wooden footbridges over tiny roadside streams and fords, to the rainbow arches of the Roman bridges, the pointed arches of the mediæval bridges, like that at Monmouth, or the long buildings, half bridge, half causeway, over the marshy flooded flats by our midland and southern rivers. But to refresh the reader's eye without troubling his memory to recall the pictures already shown, here are a few samples, given almost as they came from a drawer of miscellaneous photographs of English bridges. Could there be a greater difference of design, or more uniformity in the one point of the natural, uncovenanted beauty of good structure? Water Hay Bridge, on the Upper Thames, marks the upper limit and end of the oldest navigation of the river. Four plain, modest arches, built of the local Oxfordshire stone, are all that young Father Thames needs to pass through quite comfortably. A genuine Oxfordshire rustic in smock-frock and wideawake stands on it, and the road on either side dives



J. Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

KING JOHN'S BRIDGE AT TEWKESBURY.

Copyright

at once into the deep shadow of pollard willows. The hand-rail was originally wood, for the wooden struts, eight in number, still stick out of the stonework between the arches. But the iron made at the local blacksmith's many years ago is lighter and not ugly. Contrast with this the single-span, flying-arched mediæval Beggars' Bridge at Glandale. The arch is so light that it has been ranked among Roman bridges. Why it is called the Beggars' Bridge, and who were the people who begged, the writer knows not. But it is a fine contrast in architecture to the other, the work of a county where good stonework was used, not the rough Oxfordshire rubble, and where there were cunning men to key the arch, and cut that neat, square moulding, and draw the elegant lines of the parapet.

Quite a different treatment is seen in the footbridge at Bottesford. Two high banks are joined by a wide and rather heavy arch of stone. Either because the builders thought that this was ugly, or because they doubted whether it was self-supporting, they divided it up almost like a Gothic window, by a narrow upright support, from either side of which sprang a pointed subsidiary

arch holding up the other. The interval between the arch and the upright pier was left empty, so that the light shines through, as is shown in the picture. With its setting of the elm on one side and the sycamore on the other, and the little weir below, the effect is pleasing enough, though we regard the bridge as rather an example to avoid. Lastly is shown here an extraordinary instance of the lavish way in which

our ancestors used masonry, even when every cartload had to be brought from fifty or sixty miles off, when they made up their



H. W. Taunt.

WATER HAY BRIDGE.

Copyright

minds to make a really sound job of a bridge in a bad place. The site is in Bedfordshire, on one of the slow-moving, winding,

marshy-valleyed, winter-flooding rivers which soon find their way into the fen. It is called Bromham Bridge; but it is in reality two bridges, which are themselves mainly viaducts, uniting on a kind of buttress or lump of firm ground, which is all included in the masonry. The piece beyond this buttress is probably the oldest part of the present structure, for it has a pointed arch, followed by several round



W. Ravenhill-Stock. OLD COOKHAM BRIDGE, NOW DESTROYED.

Copyright

arches, and rising rather high. The portion nearest to the front is supported on many more arches than are shown here. The structural heaviness of this curious building is due to its being a bridge not so much over a river as over a river and a marsh. There is not enough current or rise of flood to make it necessary to carry the arches high, or to reduce the surface of masonry exposed to the rush of the river. There are no struts between the arches for the same reason. Hence its tame and lumbering appearance. Yet the whole is well in keeping with the slow, reed-choked stream, and the fine light springing poplars beyond help to make a pretty English picture.

Old Cookham Bridge, now destroyed, is a real loss to the scenery of the river. It belonged to a wooden spar-built type, the construction of which was well understood in the Thames Valley. We wonder much where the drawings and measurements for these bridges were kept, and what class of workman or contractor made them? Their construction must have been undertaken only at rare intervals, yet when one was built it was always of excellent design and workmanship. C. J. CORNISH.



J. Valentine & Sons, Ltd.

FOOTBRIDGE, BOTTESFORD.

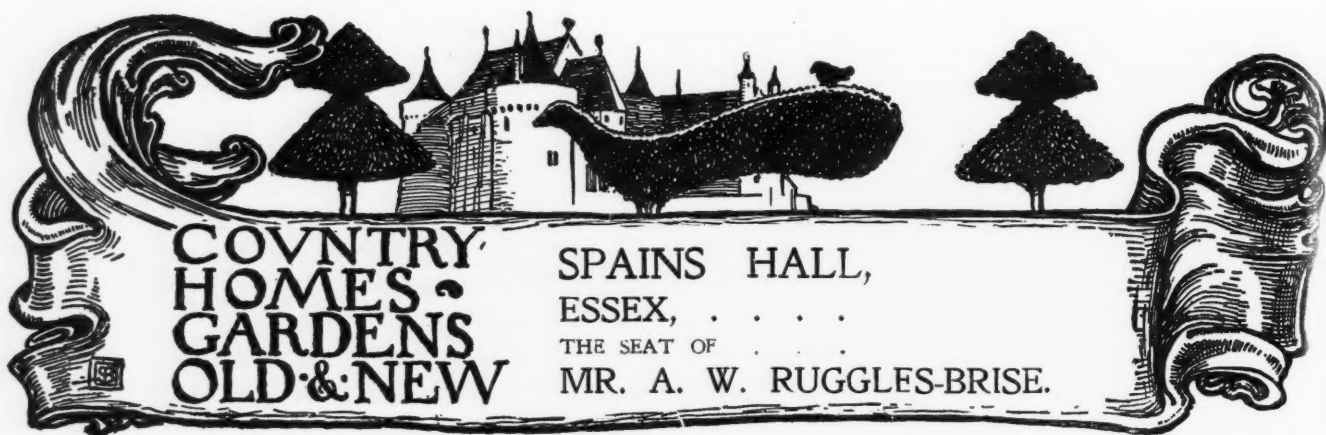
Copyright



Copyright

TO PASTURES NEW.

M. Emil Frechon.



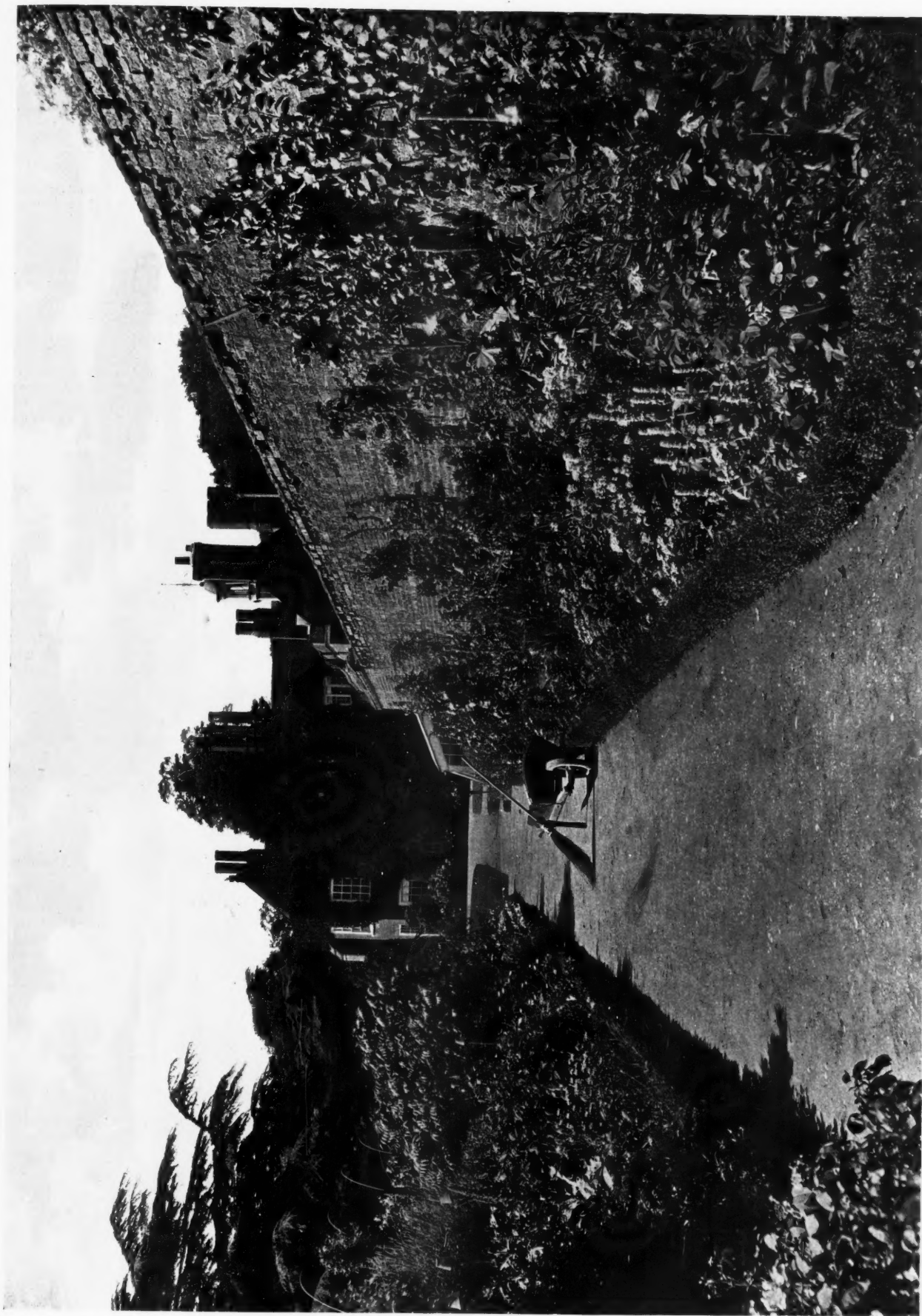
THOUGH taste varies as to what makes beauty in landscape, there are very few parts of England where our good domestic scenery fails to charm. In the north-west of Essex, up the Colne valley where Gainsborough painted,

by the Stour, and in the rich wooded rolling land round Halstead and Braintree, lies a country as pleasing to the eye and mind as any that can be found in East Anglia, for man and Nature have played about equal parts in it. Nature has given the good strong loam

soil and the power to grow oaks and corn, while man has made the surface his own by lotting it out into fields, hedgerows, woods, plantations, and parks. There also are quite considerable lakes in places, that at one of the most ancient and beautiful houses in those parts, Gosfield Hall, being of seventy acres. When land was almost the only source of wealth, the soil which would grow most wheat, while also providing food for cattle, was a kind of "Consols" for the investor of the Tudor and early Stuart days; consequently this part of Essex was the home of the wealthiest class of landowner. The chancellors, attorneys, and other state officers of Henry VII., Henry VIII., and Elizabeth eagerly secured this land and built vast houses there, some of which remain, while others, such as the huge palace built by Earl Rich, are demolished. But the remains of Layer Marney, and the still inhabited mansions of Mark's Hall, Gosfield, Franks Place, Audley End, and Spains Hall, show in various forms and calibre how excellent these old houses were and are.

The house which forms the subject of the present article stands ten miles from a railway station, though it is only fifty miles from London. If Morant is correct in his account of the origin of its name, as given in his "History of Essex," it has borne it ever since the Conquest. The endurance of a name commemorating that of a former owner, when attached to a house which must have been many times rebuilt in the lapse of centuries, is very unusual. "Spains Hall took its name from Hervey de Ispania, or Spain, who held it under Count Alan at the time of the general survey (Domesday). Alan Fergent, second son of the Earl of Bretagne, was one of those chiefs who attended Duke William in his conquest of this kingdom, and was rewarded by him with several lordships, particularly with the Earldom of Richmond in Yorkshire. His two brothers, Alan the Black, and Stephen Earl of





Copyright

GARDENS OLD AND NEW.—SPAINS HALL: THE OLD SOUTH WALL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

THE FLOWER LAWN AND LAKE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Ponthièvre, and Alan the Savage, son of the latter, were successively possessors of this estate. This last died in 1166, but before his decease he gave this lordship to Alberic de Vere and his heirs, by the title of the service of William de Ispania . . . As for the undertenant, Hervey de Ispania, the family hath been mentioned above under Spains Hall, in Great Yeldham, and will occur again under Willingale-Spain. They were originally of Spanish extraction, which was the reason of their name, and appear to have been seated here, or hereabouts,

from the Conquest down to the reign of King Edward II., when John de Ispania was Rector of Ging-Ralph, and owner of a manor near. From the Spains this estate early came by marriage, or otherwise, into the Kemp family," in the reign of Edward I. These Kemps remained there, for a period of more than four centuries, constantly marrying into well-known and ancient families of Suffolk and Essex. One was brother-in-law to Sir Thomas More. Another, William Kemp, by some curious voluntary penance, punished himself by never speaking for seven years. This may have been a useful discipline, but must have been rather trying for his wife, for he was married. The last of the male Kemps left to his sister, who brought by marriage to Sir Swinnerton Dyer, Bart. It passed to two brothers, Sir John and Sir Thomas Dyer, the latter of whom sold it in 1760 to Mr. Samuel Ruggles of Bocking, who was descended from a brother of George Ruggles, "the eminent scholar and celebrated wit," the author of a play called "Ignoramus," played before James I. on his visit to Cambridge in March, 1614. The King was so delighted with this that he came again to the University to see it in May. This would not be considered a startling run for a piece now, but was then regarded as something highly creditable and very much out of the common. It has since been repeatedly performed by the scholars of Westminster School. The oddest thing about the story of this play is that the author never had it printed, and did not leave a manuscript copy of it, having directed in his will that



Copyright

THE SOUTH FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

THE GARDEN-HOUSE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

THE GABLES AND COVERED MOAT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

THE ENTRANCE FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

all his papers should be burnt. But others had had it transcribed, and it has reached a seventh edition, besides being twice translated. His nephew was also a man of literary tastes, and, having been educated at the school in the charming old Suffolk town of Lavenham with Arthur Young for a schoolfellow, kept up his acquaintance with that good writer and agriculturist, who has left a curious account of the fish-ponds and fish cultivation at Spains Hall in his day. Carp, it appears, were in those days worth one shilling per pound, partly from fashion, but probably because sea fish were procured with difficulty inland, owing to the slowness of transport. The same price is now obtained for eels in the Thames Valley, but there is practically no trade in carp at all, which are no longer bred in stews as they were, and do not fetch more than threepence or fourpence per pound in Germany, where they are still reared in the same way.

Thomas Ruggles was succeeded by John, his eldest son, who assumed the name of Brise on his accession to the Clare estates. On his death the Hall passed to his son, Samuel Ruggles Brise, who married Marianne Weyland, daughter of Sir Edward Bowyer Smith. He represented Essex in Parliament from 1868 to 1884, was colonel of the East Essex Militia for thirty-six years, and was made a K.C.B. in 1891. He died in 1899, leaving the estate to his son Archibald Weyland Ruggles Brise, the present owner.

Like most of the old Essex houses, Spains Hall is built of brick. It is not moated, though it was formerly surrounded by the customary defence and source of water supply of old mansions in Suffolk and Essex, and now it are the sites of the seven famous fish-ponds which are said to have been dug by William the Silent during his seven years of self-imposed penance. It stands in a large and well-planted park, and is

believed to have been built in the later part of the reign of Henry VIII. and the early years of Elizabeth. It has none of the obviously defensive arrangements, such as the omission of all ground floor windows which marked the east front of that larger and earlier Essex house, Gosfield Hall, in its original state, which seems to point to a period of greater tranquillity and forgetfulness of the dangers of the Wars of the Roses, which, though now so remote, were well within the personal recollection of the men of the early part of Henry VIII.'s reign. The north side is the oldest portion, in which at least one small Tudor window is of early pattern. Here there is a covered way over the old moat, the arch of which may be seen in the picture. The west front, with its stepped gables and fine hall window, is a good specimen of Elizabethan design. There is a particularly genial character about the architecture of this part of Spains Hall,



Copyright

THE ROSE GARDEN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

which with its rich colouring, massive chimneys, and light and good finials to the gables, is a far more attractive old place than many in which the architect aimed at greater splendour. Part of the south front, though the windows have been modernised, cannot have been built much later than the Elizabethan time, but the lower range, in which the dining-room is situated, was erected after a fire some two centuries ago. The small *vil-de-bœuf* dormers, or "lukams," as they are called in East Anglia, from the French *lucarne*, show that French taste was not unknown to the designer. But it is difficult to guess dates when the rebuilder had before him either drawings or his own recollection of the original house. The bell turret or cupola is of a good design commonly seen in houses of the early James I. period. The old brick walls and garden-house remind us strongly of that fine old Suffolk house in the Stour Valley, Melford Hall. At the latter the garden-house is an octagon, and more elaborate than the turreted square building seen at Spains Hall, but the position is much the same—against the wall, with an outlook from above.



Copyright

FINCHAMFIELD VILLAGE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

member to member of the opposing teams, somewhat in the same manner in which a football is passed. As in football, two goals are provided, only the distance between them is measured in miles. Now the game really begins after

the ball has been in play an hour. After that time, but not before, as the rules lay down, the game can be won by any member of either team obtaining possession of the ball and depositing it inside a stone trough specially prepared for it, which trough is situated at goal. It is, therefore, the business of the townspeople to keep the ball as near the market-place as possible, for there the town goal is situated. On the other hand, it is correct play for the rustics to manage by skilful hurling and passing to get the ball countrywards, no matter in what direction, because, once well out among the fields and hedges, their advantage is obvious.

Play always begins early in the afternoon at the town goal. Some non-player takes the ball and hurls it straight up. There is immediately a scrimmage to catch it as it descends, for possession of the ball even at that early stage means a decided advantage. The first hour is then passed in hurling the ball up and down the streets of the town, it being against the rules to take it beyond the town confines. It is during this stage of the game that most of the accidents, which so frequently mar the enjoyment of the game, occur. The ball, by reason of its composition, is excessively heavy, and when hurled with the full force of a brawny arm is a very dangerous missile indeed. To be struck on the head means almost

certain death; and although fatal accidents are very rare, few hurlings pass without some very painful incidents. The danger to property, too, is great, and it scarcely needs to be said that all windows are securely barricaded,



Copyright

GROUPING THE FLOWERS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The rose garden is one of the best in Essex, and the old south wall a perfect instance of the combination of herbaceous plants, sunny old walls, and box edgings. Beyond the flower lawn lies the lake, and cedars and very large native timber trees grow to great perfection. The pergola is one of the most beautiful sights in these gardens; indeed, it is doubtful if there is one better proportioned or more charmingly planted and overgrown in the East of England.

HURLING.

A POPULAR CORNISH SURVIVAL.

THERE are two pastimes which Cornishmen regard as being peculiarly their own; the one is wrestling, the other is hurling. But while wrestling is a well-known and generally recognised branch of athletics all over England, hurling, which would seem to possess all the elements necessary to popularity, is hardly known, and, as far at least as the present writer is aware, never played outside the limits of the "Delectable Duchy."

The game is played in this manner. The people of a market town are the challengers, while the inhabitants of all the adjacent country-side are the challenged. For the purpose of the game a ball has been provided (as a rule by some local magnate) which is composed of solid lead, silver-plated on the outside. This ball is intended to be hurled from



Copyright

THE RED LION, FINCHAMFIELD.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

and all property in the least degree fragile is stowed away out of the reach of devastation.

Towards the end of the first hour the character of the game begins to alter. The ball is not hurled about recklessly as before, but is warily passed from one player to another, the townsmen striving hard to keep the game centred at the market-place, the countrymen endeavouring to get as near the open country as is possible without breaking the rules.

Then the clock strikes the hour, and the excitement becomes intense. The townsmen attempt to form a chain along the streets, and by its assistance to rush the ball through to their goal. Sometimes this is at once successful, and thus the hurling comes to a rapid and almost time conclusion. As a general rule, however, this scheme is easily foiled, several rustic champions having been detailed to defend the town goal. A violent struggle then takes place, somewhat resembling a Rugby scrimmage, and during its progress the ball changes hands with wonderful rapidity. A farm labourer snatches the ball as it is being steadily passed from one tradesman to another. He is instantly surrounded by a dozen townsmen, but he has time to hurl it to a fellow-labourer before he can be dispossessed. Swift as a flash the ball travels along the street from one rustic to another, and soon it is near to a little knot of players who have been waiting patiently on the town boundary throughout the game. Before it reaches them, however, it is rescued by an athletic curate, who makes a gallant dash and a successful capture. Once more it is on its journey towards the market-place, and the townsmen's prospects look very rosy, when suddenly a cry goes up that the ball is lost.

It should be added here, by way of explanation, that it is quite admissible for any player to hide the ball, either about his person or elsewhere, provided that an attempt be made to place it in goal within three hours of the start

of play. It is at this stage of the game that the grim humour and shrewd sense of the Cornishman begin to assert themselves. Each player is naturally a suspect to all the rest, and is treated accordingly. A wild rush is generally made for the player wearing the most nonchalant expression, and not infrequently an exercise of sound judgment results in the rescue of the ball. When such is the case the game is resumed with more violence than ever. Soon a shout announces either that the town goal has been stormed, or that the rustic have broken away. In the latter case an exciting chase is the result. The countrymen rarely make a straight line for goal, but prefer to make a wide detour, by a route through bye-lanes and across ploughed fields. Soon the pursuit slackens, and the countrymen are left in undisputed possession. But the game is yet far from won, for the country goal has yet to be negotiated. The townsmen have now assembled in force in the neighbourhood of that goal, and guard it narrowly. Any player observed edging gently towards it is at once overpowered and seached. Despite all efforts, however, the ball is unobtrusively brought among the players, and presently there is a sharp rush, a struggle, a shout, and the game has been won by the countrymen.

As a general rule, however, the ball is never recovered immediately after it has once been lost, and nothing more is seen of it until just before the time limit, when an exciting little scene at one of the goals either concludes the game or makes it a draw. The evening following a hurling is given over to festivity, the heroes of the evening being the holders of the ball for the next few months until the next hurling takes place.

Such is the Cornish game of hurling. In the districts where it is played at its popularity is immense; but elsewhere it shows no signs of "catching on." At the same time, all who have participated in its delights are unanimous that for excitement and spirit few pastimes excel it.

F. W. SAUNDERSON.

THINGS ABOUT OUR NEIGHBOURHOOD.

WHY is it that people who really love the country love it most in winter, as I think they surely do? Is it because then, in winter, it becomes their own again, their very own? Perhaps. In spring, the country is invaded by passionate townsmen, who, if they do not all intemperately rive at the hawthorn, and make posies of the varnished celandine—a flower so sure, so certain on his bank, so elusive, so regrettable away from it—at least come with the hope of getting something tangible from the country. Fresh air, hope, inspiration, health—just a handful of Nature's lavish impulsion. Later, they come to lie about and find complexions; in autumn, for sport, for visits, and for fun. But it is in summer, taking them all over, class and class, that they come most; in the season of strawberries and long chairs, of bedding-plants and interminable teas; the cedar too has its mushroom, even as the oak its truffle—that tea-table and the flanking erections of cakes. Not all people even of one sort come in the same way; some come with an assortment of muslins and transparencies and parasols, to show off the beauty that the civilised processes of town have provoked and established; some come in hollands, with a large bottle of hair-restorer for chief luggage. These seek "rooms in farm-houses," like to lean over gates, and breathe in the scent of cows; new milk appeals to them; they walk because they think they ought to, offering to the scenery an easy patronage meanwhile, and no one in Piccadilly has ever caught them with such an arrangement of fringe.

All these three seasons, spring, summer, and autumn; the country gives and gives; in winter, this bounty is interrupted, and who loves the country must himself do the giving. I don't speak of gardens and all the endless things to be rushed through while the weather is yet open; who ever saw a long enough November? I have always wanted six weeks of November, and not a single calendar, no matter how illustrated, will allow me it.

No, I am thinking of the open country, of the heath and heather shrivelled to pale russet bells, of the bracken stiff and ruddy (just ready to cut, low down, to carry unbroken, and to plant, as it were, among the rose-beds for a frost-stop); and the woods and copses, reluctantly yielding up their clothing what time the rest of us are putting more on. Our country is beautiful all winter, either with the slow-footed sea-fog marching up the valleys or the dim land-mists hugging the hedges, leaning in the lanes. Again in rain, when the soft store of water courses down the tiles, and hums into the barrels and the tanks, I love it; while flooded splendidly with the stooping winter sun, no words are needed to say what it is.

But even more exquisite than ours is the country we came through, Esmeralda and I, from a visit three weeks ago. That was the water-country, the flat lip of Sussex pushed out in marshes towards the sea. It was the day after the first frost. The train chattered constantly on little bridges that clasped dykes and trivial rivers; these, sluggish but sensitive to a shade of fall in the hopeless level, turned, and doubled, and reappeared; as prisoners doomed to seek some far Siberia, these errant streams must seek the sea. They do not look as if they wanted to, no eagerness is left in their still flow, and to see them now, with the white shelf of ice on each side of their mud banks, and the puddled colour of their dead waters—you can

hardly picture the happy hustle of frog-life that will wake there next May. What a delight that moment is! Toads just peeled off their jackets, every wart glistening upon the new olive-green or umber brown they wear, come to select sites for crèches; frogs spread a web of eggs in sunny bights and shallows.

We know too little of the domestic process of the black newt, but I have traced his delicate fingers—what hands a newt has!—upon the fresh mud, yes, and caught him, too, and marvelled at the marling of his orange stomach. Here's a thing about newts that puzzles me. As I say, we have no water in our country; it is our great lack. Ourselves, we made a pond, and had it concreted—a rather ugly basin with a brick rim, round which irises have never done quite what I expected of them, and fritillaries have refused to raise their snaky heads. The red dogwood waves there, a Kilmarnock willow or two strives to weep naturally into the artificial place, and big clumps of red and yellow Crown Imperials glowed and stank powerfully until some hare, disdaining the sheep's parsley growing all about for his especial behoof, came and chewed up the garlic-tasted bulbs, avid as a Spaniard of his favourite root.

But about those newts or efts. The nearest water is a mile and more away; it is a goose-pond in the red clay of a high-lying common; the next nearest is a village pond through which bakers' carts drive, and into which cows wander and forget dreamily to come out again—and that has a mile and a-half of turnpike between itself and us. Once, drawing water for the garden, finely aerated and sun-stewed, from *our* pond, "the boy" brought out an eft! And another, and another. They were carefully returned, of course. Whence had they come? The pond had been made in winter, and drains a roadway and some roofs. Had they walked from near the village pond or near the goose-pond, and when, and how long did it take them, and why? Did they feel the neighbourhood of the casual-feeding goose and the casual-stepping cow "unhealthy" to the eft race? *And who told them we had just made a pond?*

That snakes swim rivers, that eels walk miles in the silver dew—these things are known and proven. Such facts are a part of the eternally entralling mystery of Nature, and have also a not obscure connection with the popularity of the Correspondence column in country papers.

But has anybody encountered a newt, big with his wondrous instinct on the night of his passover, dogged his dainty footsteps (who steps more fealty than a newt?), shadowed his blunt tail? There is a privilege waiting for someone—may it be me! Man plucks ever at the veil of the Infinite; it is his own soul he wants to know about; a cheap curiosity as to its wanderings, as who should employ a detective to trace a servant, afflicts him. Cheerfully I would let wander my poor soul no matter to what starry sphere; cheerfully keep silence on its return and "ask no questions" of its astral luck—but and I could see that tiny traveller trekking to his new pond!

Such are the secrets I want to know; that is the veil—the veil with which Nature softly shrouds her littlest people, so they may pass securely—I want to lift.

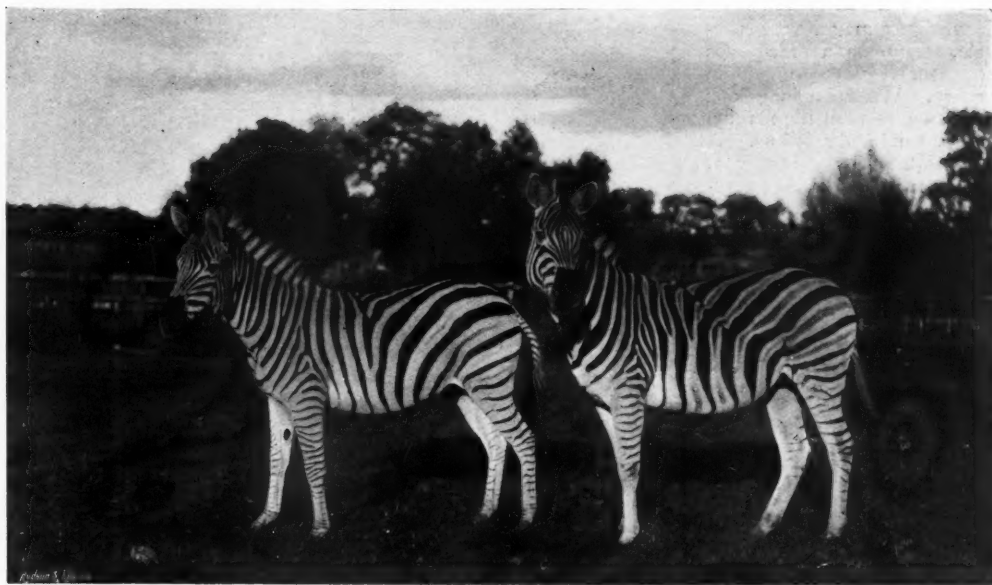
If I may tell more of the water-country, I would urge the beauty of the fields of reeds, a flush of pale purple in their flowers, a shrill whisper rising from their yellow stems. Does everybody

feel this subtle attraction in the life of "Cars," as they are called in Cheshire, or is it more to me than any other, and was the seed sown the day I first read "The Marsh King's Daughter" Hans Andersen's most potent enchantment in a book of strong spells? I do not know, but the thing developed the day I plunged for my first bulrush, and that was years ago. I can see my stocking now as it came out, and hear the loud suck of the marsh-mud; but close-covered and precise in his velvet coat the bulrush was in my hand! Other times it would be sheaves of yellow fleur-de-lys, bog-beans, and if I were in the Highlands the globe ranunculus, and the quaint purple-eyed pinguicula, that the marshes gave me; and once a clump me-high of Osmunda regalis, the big brother of the three British flowering ferns.

What days, what days one has seen in water-sodden lands! I would never be done if I told all the rambles, the spasms, and the squelches I have had. But in winter, and had I not been in a train, I could have fled far and fast over the ground, held rigid in the first stricture of the frost. Stark, architectural, spotting the wide sheep-pasture, stand the thistles, each interrupted in the evil business—to him beautiful and right—of seed-dispersing. Now he is checked. Let him pray mately to the bullfinch, who eats so much and spills so much more. The bullfinch has gone; there is no help there. No! the thistle can no more. At the first thaw he will rot, then he will break halfway up, then he will catch in the trailing petticoat of some old wether—anyhow, for him, it is the end.

The frost clears up the landscape so, and brings things to your eye that were lost and muddled in the prevailing autumn dampness. I noticed this in regard to the Traveller's Joy, the wild clematis (I will *not* call it Old Man's Beard—that name has for me no sentiment; I don't think I much like old men's beards, unless very beautifully trimmed like Father's, and certainly not rambling ones such as churchwardens seem to have)—the wild clematis, throwing a far trail along a hedge top, brings to mind the puffs of smoke from a train lost to view in a cutting. I never thought of that before, but after, I kept seeing it wherever the marsh was intersected by a low hedge. Dabchicks minced about, walking always as though their silly little feet were cold and the mud colder, which is the manner of waders—and there seemed only one figure wanting to the picture.

"What," said Esmeralda suddenly, glancing out above her



W. A. Rouch.

ZEBRA STALLION AND MARE.

Copyright

paper, "is that blue thing I see, like a vase upon a mantel-piece?"

Yes, there he was, his head upright, his lean neck stretched as though he sought to listen or to see—the pale spirit of the marshes, the heron!

MR. A. YATES'S ZEBRAS.

NOW that the zebra is coming into practical use in Rhodesia, we are likely to see more care in the keeping of the race, which for many reasons is a favourite for acclimatisation experiment. In the first place, it is far the most beautiful of any of the wild horses; in the next, there is always the exciting prospect of training one to harness; besides which there is a vast store of possibilities latent in experiment in breeding from and hybridising with them. They have been kept in parks in this country, or in half-open pens and paddocks, for at least a century off and on, and are now more popular than ever. At the beginning of the century zebras were kept in the grounds of Knowle House, at Sidmouth, by a Mr. Fish, the forerunner of the owner of the greater "paradises" of to-day. They run wild and breed at Woburn Abbey; they have been kept in Northumberland, and at Tring, and driven in London. Barnum's zebra four-in-hand were undeniable goers; and as they are now being domesticated for business purposes in Rhodesia, it may be said that there is a great future before them. Professor Ewart's hybrids, bred on the Scotland hills, have already been described in these pages. Perhaps before long some enterprising Australian

will try and turn out some zebras on his run. They would be just the animals to flourish in the dry climate of Australia, and would be an immense addition to the wild fauna of a land where there are no lions, or leopards, or Cape hunting dogs to worry and destroy them. Curiously enough, the only places where the true or mountain zebras are still found in their native haunts in South Africa are just those almost inaccessible fastnesses of the great ranges of Cape Colony where the scattered Boer commandoes are fond of now hiding. They dwell in the Sneeuberg (where Fouché skulked a long time with his baffled raiders), in the Witteberg, the Swartberg, the Winterpoock, and other refuges of the irreconcilable Boer. The Witteberg is between Graaf Reinet and the coast line, and there, says Mr. Anderson Bryden, "I came suddenly upon a small troop, guarded by an old stallion as sentinel.



W. A. Rouch.

MARE AND FOAL.

Copyright

They were a magnificent spectacle, far up on a precipitous piece of savage mountain scenery. We had a long look at them, and then the stallion got our wind and spied us. A wild neighing alarm was given, and the troop, with tails whisking, tore headlong over the mountain and disappeared."

Very seldom has a zebra in the pink of health and condition, such as those were which Mr. Bryden here describes, been photographed in motion. That, however, is what Mr. Rouch has done in the excellent photograph here shown of some fine tame zebras owned by Mr. Arthur Yates of Bishop's Sutton, near Alresford, in Hampshire. The way the zebra lays himself out when preparing to go for all he is worth is clearly seen. The foal leads in a canter, and the others are either trotting or just beginning to canter, with heads brought well forward, yet held high as a stag holds his. Mr. Yates's herd seems to flourish as well as the partridges at The Grange in that famous sporting neighbourhood. On the death of the late Duke of Westminster Mr. Yates heard that His Grace's zebras were not to be kept, and bought the whole lot. The late Duke was very fond of these animals, and had a regular little breeding stud at one of his farms, with well-arranged boxes and stables for them. Their present owner keeps them entirely for breeding. The foal shown in the photograph was about two months old when it was taken; another is expected in the spring. They are treated just like brood mares, and turned out for a few hours every day when it is fine. Mr. Yates has one which goes in harness, and sold one which he describes as being very good as a saddle animal. It was just as quiet as a pony to ride, and could gallop at a good pace. Mr. Yates does not find that he has time to break them in himself, or to see to this being done. But anyone who likes to try a young one has the chance of getting one of "salted" stock, of a breed inured to our climate, and already domesticated. The stories of zebras' fierceness are quite beside the mark. Captive stallions, fed high, kept without exercise, and with only occasional access to their kind, undoubtedly do grow savage. So would a horse stallion. But a number have been tamed, and run in coaches in Rhodesia,



W. A. Rouch.

THE FOAL LEADS IN A CANTER.

Copyright

and were found to be docile enough. "They were perfectly quiet and well-trained. In harness they pull well and are willing, and never jib. In fact, one of them will do his best to pull the whole coach himself. They are softer-mouthed than the mules. They never kick, and the only thing which they show in the way of 'vice' is that when handled they have an inclination to bite. But as soon as they understand that there is no intention to hurt them they give it up." So wrote a correspondent of the *Field* in 1893, and a very good character it is, too, of a wild animal taken up rough from the veldt and taught to work for its living. It was found that these tamed zebras could not stand the prolonged and steady work of drawing a coach. But that is scarcely to be wondered at. The Peruvian Indians could not stand the prolonged slavery of the Spaniards in the mines, but they were extremely good and docile slaves for all that.

Mr. Yates has something of a "paradise" at Bishop's Sutton. He keeps Axis deer there, emus, foreign sheep, and other animals. Everyone who does this has opportunities of learning something fresh about the animals, and of their adaptability for acclimatising here and elsewhere.

THE SCAVENGERS AT DHAPPA.

THE gaunt and under-sized bullocks and horses that draw carts and cabs in Calcutta must, I think, shock everyone who sees them, as they do me. Naturally their lives, though not by any means merry, are short,

and when their span of existence is over they are carted off to Dhappa, on the outskirts of the city, to be boiled down for what grease can be extracted from their pitifully fleshless carcasses. It is, however, indeed an ill wind that

blows nobody good, and the bovine and equine mortality is a source of livelihood to many of the local vultures. In order to observe these birds, I went with two friends recently to the scene of operations. The driver of the "gharry," or cab, which we hired seemed somewhat amused at being told the destination we desired to reach; and certainly, as we neared the trying-down place on the shores of the Salt Lakes, the appalling smell that greeted our noses gave some justification for wonder at such an expedition. However, to anyone ornithologically inclined, the sight was worth the stench. The boiling-vat stood close to the edge of a singularly filthy stream, and on the further shore the vultures stood as thick as seafoam on a guano bed, while between the vat and the water a hungry crowd awaited the fragments of very well boiled beef as



"WHERE THE CARCASE IS."

these were tossed out from time to time. So thick were they that when I startled them they could not all get on the wing at once, and two or three fell into the water incontinently, and had to scramble out as best they could on the further side. And it needed quite a near approach to startle them, for long immunity had rendered them nearly as tame as poultry. They were all one species, the Bengal vulture (*Pseudogyps bengalensis*), which, in spite of the localisation implied in its name, is the commonest kind all over India. It is a very shabby-looking bird, about as big as a hen turkey, with dirty black plumage, slightly relieved by a ruff of white down. There is a white patch on the back, and a white band along the under-side of each wing, but these marks are not seen while the wings are closed. The head and neck are nearly naked, and as the complexion of those parts is singularly muddy, it does not improve the general effect. At least half the birds present on this occasion were young ones, and these were dirty brown all over, not relieved by any white markings

these vultures was particularly interesting in one way; it enabled one to see easily how a bird's neck is stowed when he is on the wing, and does not stretch it out like a duck or stork. On startling the birds, their heads were seen to be drawn back to the shoulders, while the neck fell below in a regular loop, giving a most curious effect, which is lost in species which have less neck and more clothing for what they do possess. Unfortunately, none of this kind come into any of the pictures, for they were much shyer than the rest, which, as the results of the photographs taken by one of us show, were excellent sitters.

A gang of "dhomes," or native scavengers, were at work in front of the boiling-vat, skinning and cutting up the carcasses as they were brought in, and the overseer already mentioned was kind enough to put a freshly-skinned carcass of a horse at the disposal of the birds, in order to give us the chance of seeing them feed in a more natural way than on boiled bits. One would have expected the birds to rush on this more appetising repast at once; but they mistrusted so much generosity, and we had to stand off a little before they would fall to. Then the horse disappeared under a crowd of birds, there was a sound of "rugging and riving," and in a marvellously short time it was a clean-picked skeleton, showing that they really did appreciate *cheval au naturel*.

Overhead, as all the pictures show, the kites are constantly wheeling and circling, on the look-out for morsels sufficiently small to be carried off for private consumption, for *Milvus goviuda*, like Private Ortheris, "ates a 'owlin', clawin' mess," and dines by himself, if possible, the possibility depending largely on whether his fellow-kites have themselves dined recently or not. Of other birds of prey we only saw a marsh-harrier (*Circus æruginosus*) just before we arrived at the scene of vulturine

banquets, and wondered what he was doing in such company. There was also a sea-eagle of some sort, which made a splendid stoop down to the surface of the foul water, and rose with some awful garbage hanging from his talons, so that *his* business, at any rate, was plain enough, although he evidently had his notions about regal privacy at meals. Altogether the trip was well worth making, and I should advise any globe-trotter who visits Calcutta not to neglect Dhappa if he cares for birds—but let him take a smelling-bottle!

FRANK FINN.



THE BOILING-VAT.

at all, so that they looked a shade more dowdy than their elders.

Going on, however, beyond the piles of bones which lay back of the boiling-vat, we found out on the flats a few specimens of the next commonest vulture in Bengal, the long-billed vulture (*Gyps tenuirostris*). This is a very little bigger than the Bengal vulture, and is of a dirty dun colour—all vulturine plumage looks dirty, somehow—and so at first sight might almost be taken for an unusually fair young individual of that species. But it has not only a longer bill, but a longer and thinner head and neck, and as these are devoid of even the miserable growth of down which besprinkles the nakedness of *Bengalensis junior*, its physiognomy is peculiarly gaunt and greyhound-like, and it looks the very image of famine.

Nevertheless, it appears that this miserable-looking bird can afford to be dainty, for the overseer of the boiling works told us that the reason why the long-billed vultures kept aloof was, that they did not consider boiled beef, whether horse or ox, good enough for them, but hung about till the scavengers' carts, which would arrive later on with the general refuse, should provide them with a more tasty meal in the shape of dead dogs and rats, which could be discussed in all their natural crudity and flavour. The extreme length and nakedness of the necks of



ON PILES OF BONES.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

A TRUE ROMANCE OF WAR.

MORE than forty years have passed since Sir Harry Smith, soldier and administrator, was buried in the cemetery of his native town of Whittlesey, full of years and honour, and his tomb bears an inscription of no common interest. It was after the battle of Aliwal that the Duke of Wellington used of his disciple and worshipper words described by the *Times* as those of "unreserved panegyric," words described by Professor Sedgwick as "coming straight from the heart" of the great captain. It was fitting, then, that *eulogium* so exceptional and unique should be associated with its subject in death.

Now it is a somewhat remarkable thing that the autobiography of any man should be considered worthy of publication more than forty years after his death. Yet "The Autobiography of Sir Harry Smith" (Murray), appearing after so long an interval, is distinctly the book of the season for two reasons. It is a record of fighting, of romance, and of adventure which could not fail to exhilarate and to inspire although its theme were a thousand years old instead of less than a hundred. No romance of fiction which has come under my notice has possessed more thrilling interest than this plain story from real life. No serious history is more pregnant with lessons in conduct for the country and for individuals, particularly in South Africa. Let us, however, take romance first. Harry Smith, the son of a Whittlesey doctor, began his military life at sixteen or seventeen, when he joined a troop of Yeomanry, and in the following year he received his commission in the 95th Regiment of Riflemen, with which, and with the Light Division, he was to spend a great part of his fighting life. The next year saw him distinguished in a war (which most of us have forgotten) in South America and bearing his part in the disastrous attack on Buenos Ayres. In 1808 and 1809 he was in the Peninsula for the first time. The picture which his outspoken pen gives us of the life of a dashing young officer during that terrible campaign is remarkably vivid. He was clearly an all-round man. While he was forming his opinion of the greatness of Sir John Moore as a master of war, laying the foundation of his adoration for the Duke, and taking more than his fair share of fighting always, he had at the same time an eager eye for every opportunity of sport and of adventure. Nothing, indeed, could be more characteristic of an Englishman than the way in which Sir Harry Smith managed to stick to his greyhounds, and to make them serve the needs of the scanty mess all through the war, or the spontaneous fashion in which with a few associates he organised a private and successful expedition against a troublesome band of brigands. It was in this early period of the Peninsular War, too, that he received a bullet in the heel, which, in those days of embryonic surgery, caused him vast pain and trouble, although he went on duty again long before he would in these days have been accounted fit for it.

After this came a short period of home, and then a return to the Peninsula and Badajos, where the romance of Harry Smith's life began, and he became united to the noble Spanish girl who was the inspiring helpmate of the rest of his life. The scene was intensely dramatic. Our troops, after the victory, were disgracing themselves. "Civilised man was proving himself," in Smith's words, "a far greater beast than the savage, more refined in his cruelty, more fiendlike in every act." Sir John Kincaid and a friend were talking together, when a young Spanish lady and her daughter of thirteen claimed their help. Blood was trickling down the necks of each from ears out of which rude hands had wrenched the ear-rings by force, and the child, of exceptional beauty, was almost unconscious. It is needless to say that not

only was protection given at once, but also Sir John Kincaid and Harry Smith fell in love with the helpless girl, and that Harry Smith was the successful wooer. He married the child Juana, when she was fourteen and he was twenty-four, practically on the field of battle. So headlong a marriage would, as his friends anticipated would be the case, have been the ruin of most men, but Juana Smith was made of stuff which is rarely to be found in the composition of women, and although she accompanied her husband upon almost every campaign of his life, and although his life was devoted almost exclusively to fighting, there can be no question that she helped him to do his duty vigorously, constantly, and without flinching. Surely history does not contain the record of a marriage more completely surrounded by every circumstance of romance.

The Peninsular War was not yet ended, and the brief notes of it which remain are full of pressing interest no less than of evidence proving the real greatness of Wellington. For example, there is an account of a dialogue between Colonel Colborne and the Duke of Wellington on the eve of the battle of the Nivelle,

which leaves on the mind an impression as clear as a steel engraving on paper, and the exactitude with which the great commander foresaw the course of the battle is simply wonderful. In the same portion of the book we find an exact account at first hand of a great exploit by Harry Smith and of a romantic ride by Juana, who galloped through thirty miles of the enemy's country in order to take back a Sèvres basin in which a French widow had brought her some very welcome soup. It may be worth while to notice that at this period Juana was only sixteen years of age.

These were, indeed, stirring times. Hardly was the Peninsular War over before Harry Smith, separated from his wife for the first time, found himself engaged in that ill-starred and most grossly mismanaged American War which all Englishmen desire to forget as quickly as possible. And then through the distracted world ran the news that Napoleon was in power and active again. Smith had been fighting in Europe for years up to 1814, fighting in America in the earlier part of 1815, then he had even come back to enjoy a little peace at Whittlesey, but he was hardly there before he and the indomitable Juana were off together on the Waterloo Campaign. This brought to Juana a period of cruel anxiety such as she had never suffered before and could not suffer again. She was not

on the field of Waterloo, but away from it. On the day of the battle she was riding by order from Brussels towards Antwerp when her mare bolted eight miles with her. She was then met by a Commissary, an officer of Hanoverian Rifles, and another—shame to relate!—of English Hussars, who said that when they left Brussels the French were in full pursuit down the hill, and with them she rode on to Antwerp. On the 19th she heard that the battle had been fought and won, and at three o'clock on the morning of the 20th she started back for Brussels on horseback to ascertain the fate of her husband. She met the news that Brigade-Major Smith of the 95th (Smith was brigade-major) was killed.

In a horror of despair she rode over the field of that awful battle, wondering whether she should find him among the victims who were as yet unburied; and her joy and thankfulness when she discovered that her husband was alive and well, that he and his two brothers had survived the battle, whereas there was no other instance in which even two brothers had survived, and that the dead man was Charles Smyth, another brigade-major, may be imagined. Such was her endurance, too, that she rode straight on with Charles Gore to Mons that evening. There she



Lallie Charles,

Titchfield Road, N.W.

THE COUNTESS OF KINGSTON'S LITTLE SON.

dismounted at twelve o'clock at night, having been in the saddle since three o'clock in the morning, and having ridden sixty miles from point to point—"on my really wonderful thorough-bred mare"—as to which one can only say that mare and rider were most happily matched.

It becomes necessary now to take a somewhat rapid course through these interesting volumes. Smith's comments on the battle of Waterloo, outspoken as they are, are mainly interesting as showing the practical value of the experience in warfare our troops possessed by comparison with those of our allies. Then comes a period of fighting and administration combined in South Africa, and then a record of hard fighting in India, from June, 1840, to the battle of Aliwal, and after that, mainly from the pen of Mr. G. C. Moore Smith, who as editor of the volumes contributes some supplementary chapters, comes the account of a second period in South Africa. It was in India that Smith gained his greatest renown, and the old house at Whittlesey is still justly known as Aliwal House. No student of military history can afford to neglect, and no man who likes to read of stirring events will care to omit, the chapters, full of interest and blunt criticism, which deal with India. But the South African section of the book is more to our present purpose. It illustrates very forcibly the grand results which may be effected by energy on the spot, and the difficulties which are thrown in the way of those who do our work abroad by those at home, who do not understand the situation. Smith, the father of Harrismith and Ladysmith, had done great work in South Africa before he went to India. He had, it is true, incurred the obloquy of the devotees of milk and water, because Hintza, the Kaffir Chief, after trying treachery over and over again, had been shot while attempting to escape, but he had subdued the Kaffirs, and his early attempts at administration, albeit somewhat theatrical from our point of view, had been successful, probably because they were suited to the intelligence of the natives. Nevertheless, he was superseded by Lord Glenelg, who ordered the abandonment of the province of Queen Adelaide, and at the same time exonerated Harry Smith from all blame. The effect of this was that while the hysterical section of the public at home were slow to lose the impression that Smith had been tyrannous, the Boers and Kaffirs were alike disgusted, and to use Smith's own words: "Hundreds of valuable members of the Dutch population, and wealthy farmers, emigrated in masses and seized the country of the Zoolus, and have been a thorn in the Government of the Cape until lately." The italics are mine.

It was a very different South Africa to which Sir Harry Smith returned in 1847. It was a South Africa, in fact, sick and weary of vacillation for which Lord Glenelg was mainly responsible. Sir George Napier, who succeeded Sir Benjamin D'Urban ("perhaps the best Governor Cape Colony ever had"), under whom Harry Smith had won his South African spurs, declared to a Parliamentary Committee in 1851: "My own experience and what I saw with my own eyes have confirmed me in the belief that I was wrong and Sir Benjamin D'Urban perfectly right." The emigrating Boers felt themselves to be men abandoned by the British Government, and the Treaty system was universally acknowledged to be a complete failure. Smith, as Governor, was therefore hailed as a returning friend and deliverer, and he proceeded to act with his customary promptitude, and, it may be added, in that somewhat theatrical manner valuable with natives which cold-blooded men at home have never been able to understand. He succeeded in establishing something approaching to order, and was engaged at the request of Lord Grey in collecting information prior to the establishment of representative Government at the Cape, when what was known as the Convict Question cropped up. Its outlines were simple. Lord Grey desired to transport some Irish convicts from Bermuda to the Cape. The Colonists objected publicly; Sir Harry Smith made representations to the same effect to Lord Grey. But when the convict ship arrived, there was endless confusion owing to the fact that while Smith sympathised with the Colonists, he could not allow active resistance, and at the same time he could not get the Government carried on.

Then arose trouble in Kafirland, and a period of desperate fighting, in which Sir Harry Smith himself took part, during which he received a most consoling letter from the Duke of Wellington. Smith's operations had been on the whole successful, although it was a very troublous time, when he was recalled by Lord Grey, for "want of energy and judgment"—a recall against which the Duke made an eloquent protest in the House of Lords. Before Smith returned to England, Lord John Russell's Government had fallen, mainly because of Lord Grey's maladministration of the Colonies, and there was every disposition to welcome Sir Harry as the scapegoat of the Whig Government. He was asked to stand for numerous seats, but "I decline to interfere with politics or to embarrass Her Majesty's Government, which I see my position enables me to do, had not my desire been ever to serve it faithfully and fearlessly." Would that this desire were more

widespread now. As matters stand, it is no small pleasure to lay this humble tribute on the grave of a faithful and fearless man.

CYGNUS.

THE New Year number of the *Monthly Review*, albeit possessed of important articles, is less in cresting and readable than a good many of its fifteen predecessors. So quickly do we live in these days that an unsigned article on "Memories and Portraits," upon the well-worn theme of Mr. Henley and R. L. Stevenson, seems almost as like body-snatching as the outbreak which prompted it. Moreover, the literary article entitled "On the Line" deals mainly with books upon which most of us have already made up our minds long ago. "England's Antiquated Finance" and "British Commerce, 1881-1900," are serious articles, in the first of which Mr. Frederick Greenwood pleads for a wider basis of taxation, while in the second the view taken of the position of our trade is less pessimistic, and better informed than usual. A very interesting article on "The Language Question in South Africa" is contributed by Sir Alexander Miller, K.C., whose Indian experience enables him to speak on the subject with some authority. The question is not one upon which it would be safe to dogmatise anywhere, least of all in the pages of COUNTRY LIFE. Desirable as it may be that subjects of the same kind should use the same language officially in all parts of the Empire, it is none the less a plain fact that men and women do adhere to their mother tongue, whatsoever it may be, with an affection which may be perverse and inconvenient, but is none the less practically ineradicable. It is to be hoped that Sir Alexander Miller's arguments will be carefully studied before any step is taken across the Vaul. A very interesting contribution to the number is that of the Honourable Mrs. Wedgwood, purporting to be "An Episode from the Autobiography of Peter Gonzaga, Ship's Captain in the Fleet of His Portuguese Majesty John IV." It seems to relate to an unrecorded and storm-directed visit in prehistoric times of a Portuguese vessel to the Australian coast. Such, at any rate, is the inference from the words: "A buck that you know not in Portugal, one with long hind limbs hoofed like the devil and fore limbs like a praying monk." These, by the way, are the words of a heretic refugee, and this brief extract should suffice to direct attention to the article. A poem by Mr. B. Paul Neuman, suggested by the Zionist Congress, touches a strong and no less key:

"Thus shall we, who have longed to see
The time of her coming forth,
Raise the song glad and strong,
As we march from the dreary north.
Back to the land we love,
With the heart of the homing dove;
The land of lily and rose,
Of cedar and mountain snows,
Of rivers and water springs,
And all good things."

The *Badminton* is an interesting issue of a very varied character, in which an article on "Horses and the War," by Captain T. T. Piman, of the 11th Hussars, is sure to attract a good deal of notice. His statistics are—through no fault of his own—not quite up to date, for the article has confessedly been kept in hand for some time. But they are sufficiently startling, for they show that up to October 31st, 1901, 300,900 horses, at a total cost, including freight, of £12,772,000 have been used, and too many of them used up, in South Africa. The struggles of the Remount Department have been quite pathetic. Supply has never caught the demand, and Captain Piman, who speaks with authority, is compelled to say that never yet has a single really fit horse been issued to the troops from the Remount Department. Of the quality of the horses imported during the war, Captain Piman speaks in a very melancholy tone. Seventy-five per cent. of them have been bad, and some of them very bad. This appears to have been due mainly to the fact that the remount system was adequate only to the needs of peace, and that when a call came for a hundred times as many competent purchasers of remounts, the men who were best qualified by experience were also the men who were most anxious to get to the front. Captain Piman naturally lays stress upon the crying need for instruction of our troopers in horsemanship.

To those who are not always seriously inclined the *Fortnightly* hardly offers a very attractive programme, and it must be confessed frankly that the two concluding papers, "Staging in French and English Theatres," by Georges Bourdon, and "French Drama in 1901," by René Doumic, are, after the clever and critical article on "Wordsworth," by Mr. A. Symonds, the most attractive things in the number. Mr. Symonds, indeed, writes not only on Wordsworth, but on poetry and its position, and his essay is entirely delightful. "The ultimate joy, as Wordsworth knew, that comes to the soul from the beauty of the world, must enter as light enters a crystal, finding its own home there and its own flawless mirror." M. Georges Bourdon is far kinder to the English stage than the average English critic, to say nothing of his French brother. "Staging in England is sometimes excessive, but always intelligent"—that is the keynote of an article by a man who, having studied his subject thoroughly, is quite clear about his opinions. M. Doumic starts with the proposition that of the different branches of French literature each has had its period. Twenty-five years ago the novel was pre-eminent, with Daudet, Zola, Fabre, Maupassant, Bourget, and Loti to the fore. Next came the turn of history; next that of literary criticism, with Brunetière, Lemaitre, Anatole France, Emile Faguet. "To-day the most brilliant pleiad is to be found among the play-writers. It is the turn of dramatic literature to enjoy the favours of the fickle goddess." Saying that the periods overlap, there is a good deal of truth in the statement, and M. Doumic works it out with an appreciation of the modern French playwrights and a knowledge of every detail in their plays which go to make an essay of no common merit. It is a treat to read, in its brightness and lucidity, even though we may not entirely agree with it.

"An article on Eton is not considered complete without some reference to fagging,"—thus writes Viscount Turnour under the title "Some Recent Impressions of Eton" in the *National Review*; but even a brief reference to fagging, with an assertion that caning has recently been used excessively in a house which has ceased to exist, does not make a complete article about Eton. This Viscount Turnour has illustrated by an article which cannot but be described as jejune, or an effort to cover too much ground, with the result that none is covered adequately. The remarks concerning the faulty ventilation of Eton boys' rooms and the insufficient accommodation for the sick are, however, worthy of notice. The "Episodes of the Month" are, as usual, well written,

from the standpoint of the *Review*; and Mr. Leslie Stephen contributes an estimate of R. L. Stevenson which is more just and temperate than the average. "He had a charm of his own, and I do not enquire whether it was 'or better or worse; I only think that we do him injustice when we claim merits belonging to a different order."

Since Sherlock Holmes came to life again, there was no reason why Captain Kettle should remain buried, save perhaps that Captain Kettle was not quite so fascinating and complete a creation as Sherlock Holmes. Still, here we have him revived again in *Pearson's Magazine* by Mr. Cutcliffe Hyne, and he emphatically adds to the merits of the number.

My American-English Dictionary (which, by the way, I should not have purchased if I had understood it to be American) at least enables me to understand the meaning of the title of *The Garden of a Commuter's Wife* (Macmillan). The author withholds her name unnecessarily, for her leisurely book, albeit not epoch-making, introduces us to live men and women—genial, merciful, fanciful, funny, each after his kind—and she herself has that sympathy with plant life which often goes further than exact knowledge to produce practical fruit. But what is a "commuter?" Explanation there is none,

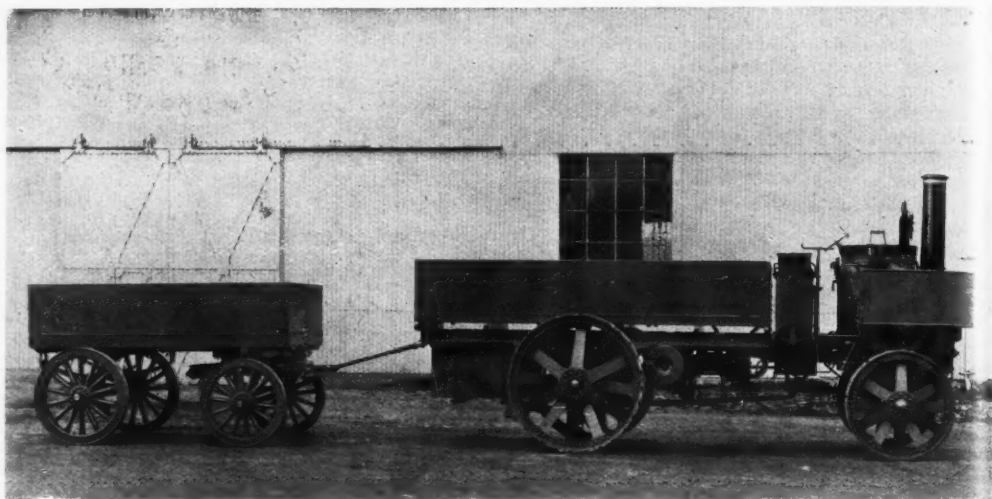
since it was probably assumed that the term would be familiar, but internal evidence suggests the "black-bagger" of my irreverent boyhood—that is to say, the man who goes up to town every day from country or suburb, black bag in hand; and the dictionary informs me that the "commuter" is "one who purchases and uses a commutation ticket . . . entitling the holder to be carried over a given route a limited number of times, or an unlimited number during a given period." There is nothing like exactitude.

The Winds of Cathrigg, by Cristabel Coleridge (Isbister), is an old-fashioned, straightforward, and somewhat goody-goody tale, with Wordsworth's country for scene. It is a book which one reads easily, with a kindly interest in the *dramatis persone* and a comfortable assurance that, at the cost of a death or two, the right couples will be sorted together in the end. So they are. "We can but say that Caradoc Crosby and Elsie Elworthy began together. They set sail with a favourable wind, and we may wish them God-speed with hopeful hearts." "The story of one generation sets the pattern for that of the next, and life only begins on a wedding day." That sort of thing is not very exciting, but Miss Coleridge has the spirit of the Lake scenery, and Quentin Crosby's Marsland terriers, very like Dandies, are delightful.

MOTORS ON THE FARM.

FOR some time past keen interest has been excited by the War Office motor trials held at South Aldershot on December 24th. The first prize, as has just been announced, was won by the Thornycroft Steam Waggon Company with their No. 6 car, which won a prize at the Liverpool competition for heavy vehicles. It is so constructed that either liquid or solid fuel can be used with it, and is fitted with a central fired water-tube boiler, specially arranged for cleaning the internal surfaces. It has a compound engine enclosed with a dust-proof oil-tight case. A single man is sufficient to guide and control this motor, of which we give a photograph. It was run very hard by a car sent in by Messrs. Edwin Foden, Jones, and Co.

So frequently has it been asked recently how far it may be possible to utilise motor-cars in the work of agriculture, that it may be of interest to give the result of some enquiries on the subject. It should be premised frankly that the writer, though he ought to know pretty thoroughly what sort of vehicles are required in farm work, pretends to no technical knowledge of motor-cars. The only test he applied to the various vehicles was to find out whether or no they were capable of doing



THE THORNYCROFT STEAM WAGGON. OFFICIAL NO. 6.

useful service in the day to day toil of husbandry. The yard examined was that of Thornycroft and Co., since they have laid themselves out particularly to meet the wants of those who buy motors for commercial reasons. At present there has been no demand for motor-cars on the part of estate owners and farmers—a fact easily explained by the impoverishment of the landed interest after a long spell of depression. In fact, the sale of commercial motors has so far been injurious to the farmer, especially if his speciality be that of breeding Shire horses. Those who have taken most kindly to the new vehicles are brewers. A well-known firm of brewers report that "the vehicle easily does the work of three of their two-horse drays," and this seems to be the conclusion of others who have made the experiment. At the first blush, therefore, it would seem as though the supplying of motor-cars to brewers, municipalities, millers, mineral-water manufacturers, and so on, ought to bring down the price of Shire horses, but things never come out like that in actual working. The same sort of prophecy was made about steam, and falsified by the event. When one door shuts another is sure to open, and whatever adds to the efficiency of our factories in the long run is sure to enlarge the demand for horses. Probably the most practical purpose that the steam waggon will serve for a long time will be that of carrier. The motor-car is already utilised to bring market-garden produce to London, and ought to be still more so during the coming summer. It would be of



EXTREMELY WELL FITTED FOR HEAVY HAULAGE.

inestimable advantage to the men of Kent if a quick and cheap service could be established. In the strictly rural districts, there are parts not tapped by the great railway companies and not quite rich enough to afford a light railway, wherein a service of motor-cars would be most valuable, and there is a class of waggon that might be found useful.

It is designed to carry either passengers or goods, being seated for fourteen people, but the seats can at any time be taken out, and then the waggon becomes a goods conveyance pure and simple. The pace of it is from nine to ten miles an hour, and one can easily imagine such a vehicle running to and from one of the small market towns that serve as centres for our rural districts. It might, in fact, replace the carrier's cart, which is still an institution in many places. The objections to the latter are its slowness and its lack of capacity. Poor women who have no other means of getting to town with their eggs and butter would be very glad of a carriage that went twice as quickly and carried them and their belongings with comfort. And here it may be well to insist on one very decided merit of the new waggon. The untechnical person must try to understand clearly that the motor and the carrying body are totally distinct. The motor can be detached from, or fitted to, any of the various waggons used with it. And, indeed, it is probably this quality that will ultimately cause it to be welcomed on the farm, where a great deal is done by steam nowadays. In the feeding houses you have all the crushing and cutting and grinding machines to keep going, in the barnyard the thrashing machine, in the dairy the separator, and so on. Now, if the same motive power could be applied to all these things in turn—say in the morning it hauled to the railway station three or four tons of wheat, then was detached and coupled to the grinding machine or the separator, and so on through all that had to be done—the motor-car would be a distinct economy on the farm. Perhaps when Mr. Thornycroft has satisfied the demands of commerce he will have more attention to spare for this other side of the business.

Those who work on the land will duly appreciate our reasons for choosing the photograph of a winter day. It is the sort of day to put a waggon to the hardest test. The winter landscape lying under slushy new-fallen snow—flakes of it still unmelted—are to be seen on the driver's hat—and the haystack with patches of snow on it suggest in no uncertain way that the roads are not easy going. It is also more of a track than a road along which the motor is ploughing its way, and unfortunately such tracks abound on our farm land. The steam waggon manages to get along, however. Its rear wheels have specially wide tyres to enable it to run successfully over soft tracts. It was built for the German Army manoeuvres, and was most favourably reported on by the German military authorities; and this is worth noting by the shrewd farmer. An army will always need the same sort of motor that he does himself—viz., one that can be utilised where there need not of necessity be any macadamised roads. In this connection it may be interesting to mention another military waggon, a three-ton one supplied to the Royal Engineers for military service, and of which Sir Redvers Buller spoke very highly. This, of course, is not one of those for the War Office trials, which have already been referred to.

We give an illustration of a steam waggon that seems well adapted for use on any large farm whereon much haulage has to be done. It won the gold medal at Liverpool in 1899, and belongs to a most useful class of cart. Weighing three tons itself, it has as trailer an ordinary four-wheeled waggon, and carries a total load of five tons—a useful load; that is to say, we count in the five tons nothing but what is strictly cargo of this land-ship. At the time when the photograph was taken, its load was not agricultural, but was composed of appurtenances of the Shamrock. In this waggon we have one extremely well fitted for heavy haulage, and it is easy to imagine the uses to which it might be put. In contrast we might mention a very strong steam lorry. It carries from three to three and a-half tons at a speed of six miles an hour, and is capable of hauling in addition a trailer bearing a load of two tons. In the Liverpool hill-climbing trials of 1899, it won the gold medal



A GERMAN WAGGON FOR MILITARY SERVICE.

offered by that most energetic of agricultural societies, the Lancashire. It on that occasion carried with a trailer a useful load of $6\frac{1}{2}$ tons up a gradient of 1 in 9. As in this and all the rest of their motors the manufacturers make all parts to standard gauge, they are easily replaceable.

A question that must crop up whenever the adaptation of motor-cars to agriculture is mooted is the economical one. There is a considerable outlay of capital required at the outset, and how this is to be got back is a very practical consideration. As far as farming goes, nothing but actual trial would justify one in speaking dogmatically about it, and this trial would require to be a very wide one, showing not only what the motor could achieve in any one direction, but the possible number of ways in which it could be applied. In the meantime, however, we have very fair data for judging what its performances have been elsewhere than in agriculture. For example, the Surveyor of the Strand Board of Works has drawn up a statement of the experience of that body, from which it appears that the total reduction of cost owing to the adoption of motor work has been £772 per annum, and the total expenditure on account of the motors, £598 8s., leaving a net saving of £173 12s. per motor. The work is also said to be "done better and more speedily." If this be so at the beginning, we may look for an improvement later on, since time is very decidedly on the side of the motor. Again, Mr. H. P. Burrell, of Crowley and Co.'s Brewery, Hants, makes the following remarks: "As to cost, we find all expenses, including fuel, wages, repairs, oil and waste, rent and taxes, insurance, interest and depreciation, amount to between $3\frac{1}{4}$ d. and $3\frac{1}{2}$ d. per ton per mile. This, on being put to a test of figures, shows a saving of one-half over our delivery by horses, and one-third when sending by the railway." From various others who have tried the steam waggon we find that very much the same result has been obtained, and it is not possible, therefore, to resist the conclusion that when heavy haulage has to be done the motor-car is cheaper than the horse.

ON THE GREEN.

A GREAT part of the green has been, and is still, under the snow. These are circumstances in which the golfer of the gallant old Dutch school, of the time when men wore ruffles and hats singularly ill-adapted for the game, would have been playing golf on the ice, as seen in the old pictures. The present-day golfer, not being old Dutch, leaves golf alone and plays curling instead. So a good many Christmas and Yuletide competitions were not played according to the programme, and the greens had rest. There is a green, that of Hoylake, that would have done a deal the better for a rest and for a week or two of snow to ooze down into the turf, in view of the two championships to be played on it. The one, the amateur, is fixed for the end of April, the other, the open, for the beginning of June, giving a month's interval for repose from the stress of the one before the other begins.

The Hoylake native forces will be strong in these competitions. There is a legend that Mr. John Ball has been to South Africa. His present play lends it no probability. On Boxing Day he won the Leasowe handicap with a fine score, so low that a penalty of seven strokes made no difference to it. Obviously he has been in some desert spot, with the Badminton book, practising, all the while he was said to be in South Africa. He always plays a terrible game at Leasowe. A dry Scot, who ought to be nibbled, said of the Leasowe tourna-

cup that Mr. Ball has a "lease o' it." And yet it is said that the Scot has no humour. There has been a more recent competition at Blundellsands, but Mr. Hilton's name does not appear among the winners. The inference is that he was not playing. Somewhere, on this Lancashire coast, the golfing pioneer has discovered yet another potential golf course on the grand scale. Walney Island is the name of the locality. Harry Vardon has laid it out, so it ought to be long enough. From the accounts there is every essential for the playing of first-class golf on Walney Island, except golfers. Another new course is a nine-hole affair that Braid has been laying out at Tenby. It is good to see the long drivers selected for the laying out of courses. It means that they will be adapted for stretching the driving of the natives. Too many of the local courses (that is, of courses where fame is not more than local) have been laid out on a scale that discourages generous effort in far driving.

James Kay of Seaton Carew, as plucky a golfer as ever played, and very nearly as good as any, went into the sea the other day, with another man, and saved the life of one of the lifeboat's crew who had been washed from his seat as the boat was bringing to land the crew of a shipwrecked vessel. It is just the act that Kay is the man to do. He has several times been near winning the open championship, and gave J. H. Taylor a beating at Seaton Carew when that ex-champion was at his very best. He plays with so little dash or fuss that one does not realise how well he is playing—till he has won the match. We realise so many things too late.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

THE RETIREMENT OF MR. T. C. GARTH.

IT was in 1852 that Mr. T. C. Garth took over from Mr. Whible the country which he has hunted ever since. The latter Master had formed the country out of Sir John Cope's territory. Sir John was a contemporary and hero of Nimrod. But the latter's description of the banks and ditches and the rough and dirty country over which Sir John showed sport would apply equally to much of Mr. Garth's



Elliot & Fry.

MR. T. C. GARTH.

Copyright

country to-day. The present Master resembled his predecessor in the untiring determination to show sport which Nimrod praises in Sir John. In 1852, before many of our present Masters of Hounds were born, Mr. Garth became an M.F.H. He soon established the fame of his pack and his own popularity. The present writer, who first saw hounds with Mr. Garth, thought as a boy that "Garth's" was as much an established institution of the county of Berkshire as Windsor or Ascot. In fact, however, though chiefly associated with Berkshire, Mr. Garth hunts in three counties. When he first began to hunt the country most of it was as wild and desolate as the famous "Pinch-me-near." Heath and forest, with here and

there strips of grass, and here and there patches of cultivation, was its character. Berkshire was then a rural district, and not a suburb; Bracknell, now a small town, was then an obscure village. Mr. Garth generally kept a professional huntsman, and his last one—Charles Bracknell—was in his service for about thirty years.

Mr. Garth was a judicious hound breeder, and his big dog pack, standing 25 in., was a magnificent one. Hounds in that country needed stamina and tongue, and no doubt these big dogs were well suited to the heather and forest. Their grand music helped us to know the whereabouts of the pack. When Mr. T. C. Garth retires at the close of his fiftieth season, many of us will feel that a landmark of our lives has been removed. We rode with him on ponies, ran with him on foot, snatched a day from Aldershot duties, always sure of a good pack of hounds, a wild fox, and a Master and huntsman keen to show sport. Almost all the chief difficulties which meet the Master of Hounds are now to be found in Mr. Garth's country. The respect and affection felt for him has kept them at bay. His successor will have a great tradition to live up to and a difficult position to fill. We hope that the pack of hounds will be purchased for the country, and that Garth's Hunt, like the Meynell, may long remain a memorial of a great Mastership. For many years Mr. Garth hunted the country at his own expense, but of late years he has received a subscription. Few men have done so much for hunting, both by personal labour and expenditure, as Mr. Garth.

THE WINTER EXHIBITION AT BURLINGTON HOUSE

BURLINGTON HOUSE has returned once more to its old traditions. After holding one-man shows for the past few years, it offers us now, in its winter exhibition, a varied collection of masterpieces of different schools and different countries. We have here one of those loan collections for which England is famous. The pictures have been gathered from the celebrated collections of the Duke of Devonshire and Sir Frederick Cook, as well as from other private owners in different parts of the country. There had been no suggestion of the feast in store, no newspaper paragraphs, no rumours; so that it was indeed a surprise to turn from the chill grey of a January morning into galleries ablaze with sumptuous colour.

In the first room, which is exclusively devoted to Italian pictures, there are the rich blue and crimson draperies, the limpid blue lakes, reflecting still bluer mountains, the sweet Madonnas, the adoring shepherds, the saints and angels—all full of that strange poetry which seems to permeate Italian art. Beyond, in the long gallery, the schools are more blended. Hals, Rembrandt, Jordaens, and Van Dyck hang face to face with Tintoretto, Raphael, Titian, and Veronese. And a little distance away Poussin and Le Sueur are on the same wall as Velasquez and Ghirlandajo. In the second gallery and in the black and white room, however, the spirit of the one-man show has to some extent been preserved. These are given up to the paintings and drawings of Claude Lorraine. One would require a whole day to do justice to these admirable landscapes and pen and ink drawings.

In the long gallery the place of honour has been given, perhaps unduly, to the large Raphael recently acquired by Mr. Pierpont Morgan. The chequered career of this picture is well known. In the first instance, it was sold by the nuns of the convent of Sant' Antonio in 1677 to a Perugian noble; it was purchased from him by the Colonna family of Rome (hence its name, "The Colonna Raphael"); it journeyed to Naples, to Spain, and to the South Kensington Museum, where it remained in an obscure corner for many years; then to Paris, and back to England again, when it was bought by Mr. Colnaghi, who cleaned it down and sold it to its present owner. It is interesting to note that some years ago this picture was refused both by the National Gallery and the Louvre. It is no doubt a fine picture of its kind, and those who admire these academic works will find much to like in it. The four little panels which originally formed the predella to this altarpiece are now hanging in Gallery I. (Nos. 11, 12, 14, 17).

Works of far greater interest are the magnificent portraits by Frans Hals on the opposite wall, and the large study for Velasquez' famous picture, "Las Meninas," in the Prado at Madrid. R. A. M. Stevenson, in his admirably-written *Life of Velasquez*, speaks of this work as the masterpiece of Impressionism. But the great Spanish master is represented by other and more complete works. There are two portraits lent by Mr. Ralph Bankes, the owner of the finished sketch for "Las Meninas." One of these, "An Ecclesiastic"—a half figure in dark blue dress and black biretta—is painted with the

grand simplicity and breadth for which Velasquez is unrivalled. The other is a small panel, the portrait of Cardinal Borgia. The head of Philip IV., lent by Major Arthur Chambers, though not equal to the magnificent portrait of the National Gallery is still a very beautiful painting. The life-like study of four Spanish peasants at a table is interesting for the fact that some of these heads appear in the celebrated "Bacchus" of the Prado.

Of the portraits by Hals, that of "Michael de Waal" is the most arresting. The figure stands simply facing the spectator in the broad-brimmed hat, black dress and cloak of the period. But what life in the eyes! How wonderfully the breath comes through the parted lips! And what drawing in the poise of the figure! The art in the "Portrait of a Lady," which hangs on the same wall is perhaps more subtle, more distinguished. It would be hard to say which of these two magnificent works is the better painting. Another portrait, of a very different order, but which is attracting considerable attention, is "La Bella Simonetta," by Leonardo. It is a profile head of his favourite model in a dress richly ornamented with pearls. But a larger work by this, for the moment, most popular of the primitives, is "The Trinity." It has been urged by some that the Japanese were the first to introduce the use of red, black, white, and blue in their designs. We have here an interesting example of the use of this colour scheme in Florence before the days of Raphael. They are indeed the primitive colours.

To Mr. Pierpont Morgan we owe our thanks once more for another magnificent work. This is the "Portrait of a Lady and a Little Girl" by Van Dyck. It is a full-length, treated somewhat in the same style as the famous full-length portraits of the Louvre. The lady is in a rich scarlet dress with a black ruff at the throat; the child stands by her side straining to reach her hand. The woman's head and dress are magnificently painted, and the whole work is executed in grand style. We recognise in it Van Dyck of the best, of his Italian period.

With the exception of the landscapes by Claude, the Italian, the Dutch, and the Spanish schools are more fully represented than the French. However, there is one small picture by that consummate artist of the eighteenth century—Jean Baptiste Chardin. It is a small painting lent by the Earl of Wemyss, and is probably a replica of the one of the same subject in the Louvre. "Grace Before Meat" is the title. It represents the interior of a room; a woman is standing at the table attending to two children, one of whom is seated at a high chair. It is simple, like all Chardin's subjects, but what beautiful tone! what colour! what harmony! Who else could have given such sweetness, such poetry, such charm to so simple and homely a scene? The artist of whom Diderot could write: "*C'est le grand coloriste—le grand magicien—c'est le sublime du technique—c'est la nature même!*" could have been no mean performer. And let us remember that Diderot was no inexperienced art critic.

It is to be regretted that here in London we have but one, and that a somewhat indifferent specimen, of Chardin's art. This is the still-life of the National Gallery. How strange to-day to picture the life of this sweet and generous painter of the eighteenth century, who produced about one small picture a year, and that, as he himself admitted, with the greatest pains and labour. His critics complained, some years after his first great successes, that he was always the same. He, however, towards the end of his life, took them all by storm with a remarkable series of pastel portraits. A new medium at the age of sixty! Two of these pastels are now among the most highly prized treasures of the Louvre—the portrait of himself in a nightcap, with spectacles on his nose, and the portrait of an old woman. In spite of the simple nature of his subjects, and in spite of his critics, Chardin's name still stands in the front rank of the

painters of the eighteenth century; and it would be well for us to-day if we could still hear him saying, in his modest voice, "*La peinture est une île dont j'ai cotoyé les bords.*" E. S. S.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE BLAISE COTTAGES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I write for my mother to thank you for the beautiful pictures of Blaise Hamlet. The only error in the letter-press is the date of erection, which should be 1809. The date given solely refers to when the plan was drawn—1814. If this could be corrected we should be very glad. The cottages were intended for servants past work to end their days in, and such with their families have the preference on a vacancy.—ALICE M. HAFORD.

SHOT—A BLUE ROBIN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of the 4th inst. (page 31), under the heading "Shot—a Blue Robin," "Landaff" seems to assume that an example of *Sialia sialis* (not *Sialia silvialis* as printed) recently exhibited at the British Ornithologists' Club had been "shot or catapulted." This was not the case, and it was expressly stated by the exhibitor (myself, in the absence of the Hon. N. Charles Rothschild) that the bird had been picked up in a dying state. The members of the British Ornithologists' Club have no sympathy with wanton destruction of animal life.—HOWARD SAUNDERS.

HIGH BIRDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Your articles on notable shoots, with their extremely graphic illustrations, are most interesting to shooting men. A question which, judging from the many discussions one hears in smoking-rooms after a day's covert shooting, is of general interest arises from some of them, and that is: What is a really high bird as expressed in feet? I have a shoot in Wales, where the birds come extremely high, out of shot some of them, and occasionally a bird is claimed to be 60yds. or 70yds. high. For my part, I am sceptical of any kill more than 50yds. high in a vertical line from the shooter, and I am sure many, in common with myself, would welcome an opinion from so authoritative a source as yourself if you could spare space for a short note on the subject. While writing you, perhaps I may mention an incident which occurred last week, and which I venture to think is unusual. We were driving partridges on an outside beat, when a single bird rose on the right of our line, and, passing the line of beaters, crossed a hedge immediately over the outside beater, who raised his stick and killed the bird as it passed him.—AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

CATASTROPHE WITH THE SOUTH COAST HARRIERS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This charming little pack, which hunts deer as well as hare, met with a most lamentable accident on Friday, the 3rd inst. Meeting at Whiteway Lodge to enlarge a deer which, with several others, was kindly presented to the Master by the Duke of Norfolk some little time since, a goodly field, as fields run in Sussex, was present. The deer, starting in a good direction over the open Downs, quickly sunk the hill and took to the flooded valley of the Arun. After an exhausting swim hounds drove her out by Amberley Castle, but, headed here, she again took to the floods, landing back on the western side. She retraced her steps to near the place of meeting, when, with hounds running in view, she headed straight for Houghton Chalk-pit, from the summit of which she bounded into space and was killed on the spot, 150ft. below. Mr. Kay and Mr. Boileau, joint Masters, were as usual with their hounds, but, unaware till too late of the awful precipice before them, were themselves only just mercifully saved from jumping the fence to death, after all the pack but three hounds had gone over. Three and a-half couples were killed, and only a few taken home, badly injured, in the deer cart. The accompanying photograph shows the lie of the land as viewed from the north-east corner of Arundel Park. It is one of the loveliest views in England. The chalk cliff in the distance is Amberley, with the railway station at its foot. The actual scene of disaster is just in the left-hand corner of the picture as you look. There is no proper fence, or flag, or post, to warn hunting men of their danger at the top of the cliff, only an old hedge. The greatest sympathy is felt for Mr. Kay at the loss which he has sustained, for his friends know how intense was the interest which he took in his hounds, and those who have hunted with him know how good a pack, and how well handled, they were.—R. ALWYN.

BRINGING PHEASANTS TO THE GUN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—May I be allowed to make a remark supplementary to some interesting articles of yours on the planting and beating of pheasant coverts which appeared about a year ago. In these articles you kept in mind what I believe to be the great principle in bringing birds to the gun—*i.e.*, pushing them quietly away from their home place and then bringing them back over the heads of the guns. To that end, where the coverts do not lend themselves kindly to the beating of birds from one covert to another, but were rather of that least manageable description—the large wood kind—you recommended, judiciously, the planting or selecting, in a corner of the wood, of some thick covert, in which the birds, having been driven there, could be flushed and sent over the guns. My object in writing is to point out how well this principle can be carried out wherever the wood runs up to one or more necks or peninsulas in any part, and the advantage of trying to lay out your wood in this way, if it does not happen to be so arranged by happy chance. When the birds have been quietly pushed up into such a peninsula, then you can put the guns across the isthmus connecting it with the



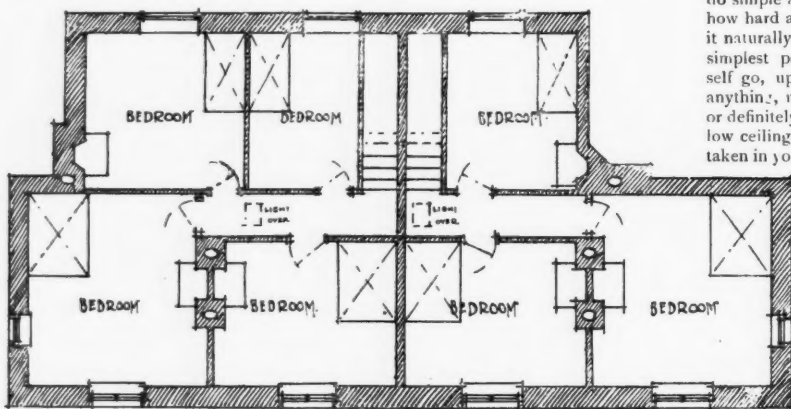
main wood, and if you keep that part fairly free of undergrowth the birds, when driven back, are bound to fly, and will probably fly well and high and fast. I hope this hint may be of service.—H.

VIOLETS IN EARLY SPRING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I shall be much obliged if you will kindly tell me how to get violets in early spring. I am greatly interested in the flowers, and have plenty out of doors, but want them quite early in the spring—I mean such varieties as Princess of Wales. Violets are so popular now, and so many beautiful varieties have been raised, that this question may possibly interest others besides me.—CONSTANT READER.

[Precisely this question is asked in the recently issued volume of the Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society, and the superintendent of the society's gardens, whose knowledge of violets is considerable, says that in August or early in September a bed of not less than 1ft. deep of litter should be made and firmly trodden down. On this the frame or frames should stand. Then place upon the litter 6in. deep of loam to which a little leaf-mould has been added, and on this plant the violets, taking care to arrange matters so that the plants are not more than 6in. or 8in. from the glass. Give a good watering when all the plants are planted, and if the weather happens



FIRST FLOOR PLAN.

to be bright and sunny syringe them lightly overhead once or twice a day. The frame lights should not be put on at all at first unless it be very wet, and then the frames should always be well ventilated, not close shut. When the nights get really cold put the lights on, but even then give plenty—*plenty*—of air whenever the weather is favourable. The violet can stand a good deal of cold, but what it cannot stand is a close, stuffy, muggy atmosphere. It almost lives on air. Judgment must be used in watering. Violets do not at all like to be quite dry, but wet, soaking loose soil they dislike. Therefore water when really necessary, but always in the morning, when you can keep the lights at least open, so that the foliage may get quite dry before night during the short winter days. Whenever the thermometer stands at about 35deg. or 36deg. they will be all the sturdier if the lights are taken off altogether for a couple of hours in the middle of the day when the weather is bright and fine. Young plants raised from last spring's runners are much to be preferred to old ones; they produce a greater quantity of larger and more fragrant flowers.—ED.]

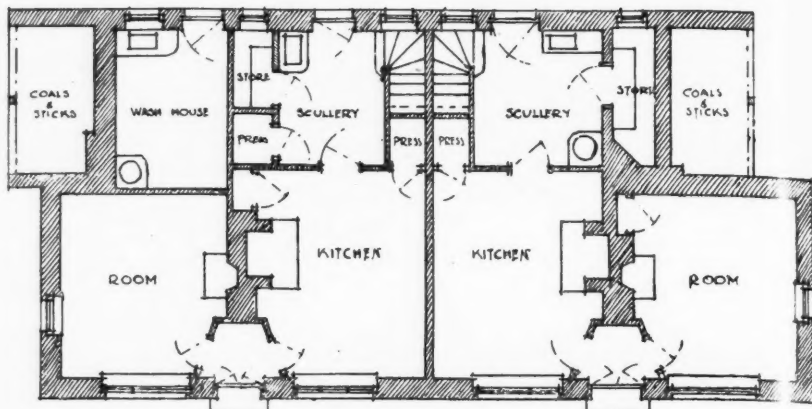
DISTRICT COUNCILS AND THE BUILDING BYE-LAWS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—You are always willing to turn a ready ear to those who try to carry on the traditions of our country life. Only a few weeks ago you published photographs of some old cottages of the most ravishing beauty. When the much-tried architect of to-day attempts to design cottages, what is he met with?



ELEVATION AS IMPROVED IN ACCORDANCE WITH THE REGULATIONS OF THE PENRITH DISTRICT COUNCIL.



GROUND FLOOR PLAN.

district council regulations of such a nature as to make the erection of a seemingly-looking row of cottages an impossibility. Every architect who tries to do simple and straightforward work knows how difficult cottages are to design, how hard and fast are the limitations, especially where expense is an object, as it naturally almost always is. He knows that the moment he departs from the simplest possible lines, the moment he begins to "play himself" and let himself go, up goes the cost. He also knows that a building, if it is to be worth anything, must have a quite definite proportion; must be either definitely high or definitely low. The natural proportion for a cottage is the low proportion—low ceilings and large, long, low windows. Notice has from time to time been taken in your columns of the stupidity of district council bye-laws in various places.

Here is yet another example: A large home farm steading is at present being erected for a certain Cumberland squire, a famous breeder of shorthorns. The scheme includes a pair of cottages for the bailiff and the cowman, which are being put in a somewhat prominent position in front of the steading in the hope that they might form a not indecent object in the landscape. But the plans, which have been made in accordance with the instructions of this owner of 6,000 broad acres—a man who has lived among his people all his life and knows well what they want—these plans have to be sat on by the Penrith District Council, and are sent back because the ground floor rooms must be 9ft. high, and the bedroom ceilings, because they have a slight "coom," must be made not 9ft. to the tie, but 10ft.! And what is the pleasing result?—that the houses will be monstrosities, that the occupants will detest living in them because they cannot warm the rooms without a much larger expenditure of fuel than they can afford, and that the cost, already far greater



ELEVATION AS ORIGINALLY DESIGNED.

than most landlords could stand, is considerably increased. In case you should think them of sufficient interest to publish, I enclose drawings showing the cottages as originally designed, and also a drawing showing the elevation improved in accordance with the regulations of the Penrith District Council.—R. B. LORIMER.

IRISH WOLFHOUNDS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue for December 28th I read a long description in praise of the Irish wolfhound. Your correspondent states that this is a very "ancient" breed which has been revived. I was always under the impression that this modern so-called Irish wolfhound was the result of a cross between the Scotch deerhound and the Great Dane or German boarhound, and therefore a mongrel. Surely it must be incorrect to describe this modern production as "ancient." In my opinion, any dog-breeder seeing these hounds can detect the cross at once. By all means "create" new breeds, such as the bull-terrier, for instance, but acknowledge them as such. I am of opinion that the original Irish wolfhound was related to the Scotch deerhound, if not actually the same dog, but that the German boarhound could have had nothing to do with the breed.—J. H.